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NATURE STUDY

IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BY

MRS. L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

READER

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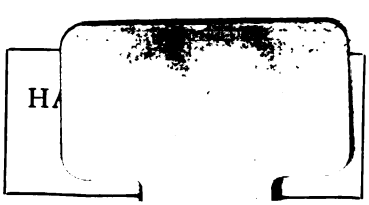

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NATURE STUDY
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Mares' tails

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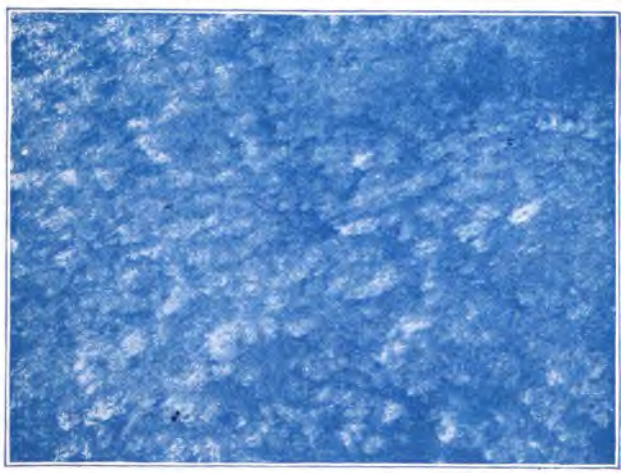

Make lofty ships carry low sails

NATURE STUDY

IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

READER

Myths, Stories, Poems

BY

MRS. LUCY LANGDON WILLIAMS WILSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, A MANUAL FOR TEACHERS"

HEAD OF THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORIES IN THE PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AND IN CHARGE OF THE NATURE WORK IN THE SCHOOL OF OBSERVATION AND PRACTICE, CONNECTED WITH THE NORMAL SCHOOL

New York

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PREFACE

In the preparation of this Reader my purpose has been threefold: —

First, to put in the hands of the teachers who follow the Nature Course outlined in my *Manual for Teachers* suitable supplementary reading matter. The myths and poems are arranged in an order corresponding to the lessons therein suggested.

Second, to tell these myths in language simple enough to make them practicable reading lessons for second and third year pupils.

I am aware that most of these myths have been infinitely better told by Hawthorne and others; but even the charmingly simple version given by Baldwin could not be read by pupils younger than those in the fourth year of school work, and the place of the Greek myth should be much earlier in the child's school life. Tell the stories as elaborately or as simply as you please. In the one case Hawthorne, in the other Baldwin, are the safest guides. Let this serve as an introduction to the science work. Afterwards, let the children read the simple version, supplementing both this and the oral lessons with the

poems and pictures with which this little book is abundantly provided.

Third, I hope in a succeeding edition to make it possible for the multitude of teachers who have neither printing press nor a mimeograph and a typewriter at their disposal to adopt the excellent device of "Leaflet Reading Lessons." This method has been used in most of our progressive schools, and is a well-known feature of the Horace Mann, the New Britain, the Chicago Normal, and the Philadelphia Normal Schools.

I desire to thank Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., The Youth's Companion, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Miss Emilie Poulsson, Miss Eleanor Smith, Mr. Morgan Bates, and the Educational Publishing Company, to each of whom I am indebted for copyright privileges.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL,
February, 1898.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THE original matter in this Reader has been written and the selections chosen with the desire of putting into the hands of little children literature which shall have, for their minds, the same interest and value that really good books and magazines have for grown-up people. It is the author's aim to prepare the ground and even thus early to plant the seeds of that which may later develop into a taste for art, for literature, and for nature.

But this most desirable result cannot be accomplished by merely putting the Reader in the hands of the child, expecting him to master the words by reading the sentences; to get at the thought while he stumbles and hesitates over unfamiliar words.

There are perhaps some teachers who fail to develop the thought through their anxiety to give an exhaustive drill on the words: their form, their pronunciation, their meaning, and use.

There are others, perhaps a more numerous class, who spend so much time in developing the thought, and in practising artificial and elaborate devices for teaching "expression," that they pay no attention to the necessary mechanics of reading.

Of these two faults in method, the latter is the more serious for the pupil. He gets not even a mastering of the words. It seems to be taken for granted that, after the first year, little or no drill is necessary for the acquiring of new words, and that the way to learn to read is to have a series of oral language lessons based, to be sure, on the text.

A middle course is recommended: —

Divide the time allotted to reading into two periods as widely separated from each other as possible.

In the first of these teach all of the new words, and drill upon them thoroughly. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of this preparatory word study.

In general, the following methods will be satisfactory with second and third year pupils: —

I. Write upon the board a new word with all the diacritical marks that may be necessary to enable the pupil to pronounce it correctly.

II. Teach the meaning of the word.

III. Proceed in the same way with several other words.

IV. Drill on the instant recognition of these words without diacritical marks.

V. Let the pupils write the words from dictation, marking the sounds and accents, and dividing it properly into syllables.

Later in the day let him read the lesson for the

sake of the thought. Do not take it for granted that no further teaching is necessary, but remember, too, that it is now the pupil's time to talk.

If he does not read well now, it is because he fails to grasp the thought. A word, a question, will often clear up the obscurity in his mind. Lead him to think, not to imitate.

It is a good idea to have a systematic plan for silent reading. Many of the short stories in this little book will lend themselves easily to this device. On this work may be based a subsequent oral and written language lesson.

Above all do not neglect to cultivate his taste, — his literary and artistic instincts. What stanza, or what line, or what part of this did you like best? Why? are questions always in order and always interesting.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL,
February, 1898.

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AUTUMN STORIES AND POEMS

AUTUMN

THE WINDS AND CLOUDS

MERCURY

HERE is Mercury. He is carrying a message for his father, Jupiter.

He was up at the break of day, for he had a long way to go.

Around his ankles he fastened his winged sandals.

He put on his head his low-crowned hat with its two bright wings.

Then he looked for his staff.

Here it is! It is made of gold.

There are two snakes twined about it. But they will not harm Mercury!

At the top of the staff is another pair of wings.

Now he is ready to start on his errand.

Quickly he speeds along. He flies faster than you can go on your bicycle. Yes; I saw you, the other day, flying down the hill like a bird.

But Mercury can fly up hill, too.

He leaps from mountain to mountain.

He flies over the sea, his winged feet just touching the waves.

APOLLO'S COWS

I HAVE already told you that Mercury was the son of Jupiter. But I did not tell you that his mother was Maia. She was a goddess so beautiful that flowers sprang up wherever she stepped.

She still walks through the meadows and calls up the flowers from their winter sleep.

She makes the earth beautiful with violets and buttercups.

She touches the apple-trees, and the sweet-smelling blossoms come.

It is the lovely month of May when Maia takes her walk.

Mercury was a very wise baby, — more wonderful even than your little baby brother.

For when he was only a few hours old, he understood everything that was said to him.

On the very first day he climbed out of his cradle, and ran down to the seashore.

There he found a tortoise shell. He made holes in it, and strung across it some bits of seaweed.

What do you think he was making?

What would you do if you had it in your hand?

Just what Mercury did, I am sure.

He put it to his lips and blew upon it.

It made such wonderful music that the flowers and trees danced to it. The birds stopped singing to listen.

After awhile he was tired. He lay on his back on the shore, looking around to find some new mischief.

As he lay there, he saw a great blue meadow, with white cows feeding in it.

They belonged to his brother, Apollo.

Quick as a thought he ran after them. He

chased them into a cave, where he fastened them in.

Apollo was very angry when he found out what Mercury had done, and complained to his father, Jupiter.

But he was such a little baby that Apollo felt ashamed.

Then Mercury picked up his shell. He breathed upon it and made music with it.

Apollo listened and soon forgot his anger. He thought only of the beautiful music.

Then the big brother and the little brother made friends.

Mercury gave Apollo his lyre.

Apollo gave Mercury charge over his cows. You can often see him driving them over the blue meadow of the sky.

RAIN SHOWER

PLUMP little baby clouds,
Dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air cradles,
Swinging aloft.

CUMULUS, OR WOOLPACK CLOUDS

"Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure and quiet air."

STRATUS, OR LAYER CLOUDS

"Little white cloudlets up in the sky,
Say, are you snowy ships, sailing on high?
Or are you downy sheep, running to find
Shelter away from the rude blowing wind?"

Snowy cloud mothers
With broad bosoms white,
Watch o'er the baby clouds
Slumbering light.

Tired little baby clouds
Dreaming of fears,
Turn in their air cradles,
Dropping soft tears.

Great snowy mother clouds
Brooding o'er all.
Let their warm mother tears
Tenderly fall.

ZEPHYR AND HIS BROTHERS

ZEPHYR is the west wind.

Although he is full of mischief, he is kind and gentle.

He is not always playing, for he has work to do.

He lives in a large dark cave with his father Æolus and his brothers, North Wind, South Wind, and East Wind.

It is a very busy family, for Æolus will not let any of his children be idle.

South Wind has to make the oranges and bananas grow.

East Wind has to bring the rain and water Mother Earth's gardens.

West Wind plants the seeds of the dandelions and the daisies. He covers them up with leaves so that they will be warm and will take root by and by.

He flies kites and sails boats and turns wind-mills.

I have not said anything about North Wind.

Maybe you will like him best of all.

He is the friend of Jack Frost. He brings you snow and ice. Then you can skate and ride on your sled.

But sometimes Boreas — for that is the name of the North Wind — is very cruel.

He piles the snow so high that poor people are buried in it.

When he is angry, he tears up houses and trees, and everything that stands in his way.

He rolls up the waves of the ocean until they are higher than your house.

Then the ship goes down, and the poor sailors are drowned.

WIND SONG

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass;
O wind a blowing all night long!
O wind that blows so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always felt yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I felt you call,
And could not see yourself at all;
O wind a blowing all night long!
O wind that blows so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree
Or just a big strong child like me?
O wind a blowing all night long!
O wind that blows so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE BAG OF WINDS

Let me tell you a story about Æolus who tied up some of his children in a bag.

There was once a great soldier named Ulysses.

We had a great soldier in our country named Ulysses. Have you ever heard of him?

But this one I am going to tell you about lived in Greece.

He had fought in a long war and was going home in his ship. But he stopped at the cave of Æolus to make him a visit.

Æolus was very glad to see this great man.

When he was going away, Æolus put in the ship a great many presents.

One of these was a big bag filled with something and tied at the top with a silver string.

It looked just like your stocking when Kriss Kringle fills it on Christmas Eve. Only, of course, it was very large.

Æolus tied it to the mast of the ship with his own hands.

He then whispered in Ulysses' ear and told him what was in it.

"But do not let the sailors know," he said, "for that will spoil all."

Ulysses said "Good-by" and set sail.

East Wind was sent by Æolus to help Ulysses on his way, for his home was in the west.

The sea was smooth and East Wind was doing his work so well that Ulysses was near home.

But the sailors wanted to see what was in the bag. You know that you want to see what is in your stocking on Christmas morning.

So, early one morning, while Ulysses was asleep, what do you think they did?

They untied the string to look in the bag, and all at once there was a loud —

Whizz! —

And North Wind rushed out!

He fought with East Wind.

He beat the waves until they grew white with foam.

He piled them on top of one another.

The ship was driven out of his course.

Ulysses heard the roar and whistle of the winds.

He ran out on deck.

He saw what his sailors had done!

But he was very strong, and very wise.

He went to the helm, which steers the boat just as you steer your sled when you are going down hill.

He brought the ship after many days to land.

NEPTUNE

DEEP down under the waves, on the floor of the ocean, is built a beautiful palace.

Its walls are covered with pink sea-shells. In each shell lies a great white pearl.

Its roof is of coral; its floor is a soft green carpet of sea-moss.

Here lives Neptune, the ruler of the seas.

Often he calls for his chariot, and rides to the top of the waters.

His horses have golden manes, and hoofs of brass.

The sharks and whales, and other monsters that live in the sea, play about his path as his chariot parts the waters.

Sometimes his son, Triton, goes before his father.

He carries a long sea-shell for a horn.

He blows a blast through this to let all things know that the great Neptune is coming.

Then the waves become smooth as glass.

Neptune carries in his hand his trident, a staff with three sharp points.

One blow of this staff will shake the earth.

All the winds obey him. Æolus, King of the Winds, is his servant.

Once he disobeyed his great master, and almost wrecked Æneas.

This is the story: —

HOW ÆNEAS WAS SAVED

JUNO looked down from Olympus, and saw the ships of Æneas sailing on a smooth sea.

Now Æneas had once offended Juno, and made her very angry.

She had never forgiven him.

"I shall get the winds out, and pile the waters upon him," said cruel Juno.

She called to King Æolus, and begged him to set the winds loose.

He said he was afraid of his master, Neptune, who alone had the right to disturb the sea.

But she coaxed and coaxed, and, at last, he opened the door of the cave in which they were sleeping.

Then the fierce winds rushed out.

They howled and hissed like wild beasts.

They piled the waves up mountain high.

The ships of Æneas were overturned like toy ships. Some were dashed against the rocks.

Æneas and his men tried to save their lives by holding on to broken planks.

At last, when hope was almost gone, Æneas cried:

"Father Neptune, help me! Help me!"

Up came Neptune from the bottom of the sea, drawn by his wonderful horses.

He spoke to the winds in a stern voice.

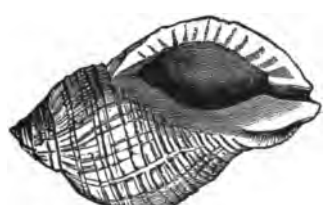
"Back to your cave, you winds! How dare you come out without leave!"

At once they became quiet and flew back to their cave.

Neptune then helped Æneas and his sailors into their ships.

He showed them where a beautiful smooth harbor lay.

Then he jumped into his chariot. His horses plunged down into the waters, and carried him to his palace of pink sea-shells.



FLOWERS, FRUITS, AND ANIMALS

LITTLE PURPLE ASTER

Little Purple Aster, sitting on her stem,
Peeping at the passers-by, beckoning at them,
Staring o'er at Golden Rod, by the pasture bars,
Gives to him a timid nod when he turns his stars.

Little Purple Aster waits till very late,
Till the flowers have faded from the garden gate;
Then when all is dreary, see her buds unfurled,
Come to cheer a changeful and a sombre autumn world.

CLYTIE

CLYTIE was a pretty fairy who liked to be all day in the woods.

She was always up and dressed before daybreak.

Then she climbed to the top of a hill. She loved to watch the sun coming up in the east.

How pretty it was to see the pink color come into the sky!

Then in a little while the shining edge of the sun would appear.

Clytie watched it growing larger and larger. At last the great ball filled the world with light.

After this she would run down the hill to a cool stream.

Every day she sat on its bank. She put her little white feet in the cool water. Her pretty green dress was tucked up so that it would not get wet.

She turned her sweet face up to the sun. And Zephyr played with the curls of her yellow hair.

"I love the sun." she said. "He is so bright and beautiful."

Sometimes clouds came and covered the face of the sun. Then Clytie was sad.

But after the shower the sun would smile down on her again. And she would laugh with glee.

As she sat among the hollyhocks and lilies she looked like a pretty flower herself, with her green dress and yellow hair.

Apollo thought so, too, as he looked down lovingly on her.

But the time came for the sun to go down in the west. Then Clytie would climb up the hill again and watch him sink below the horizon.

"Good-night, dear Sun; I shall watch for you to-morrow."

Apollo thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as Clytie.

"What a pity that she should die, like other people!" he thought. "How I should miss her pretty face every morning!"

Then he began to think what he should do to keep Clytie always young and pretty and loving.

"I know now," he said. And he looked warmly down on Clytie's yellow head as she sat among the flowers by the edge of the water.

"She shall be a beautiful yellow flower!"

It was no sooner said than done. For Apollo was a great and powerful god.

Her little feet took root in the soft warm earth.

Her green frock grew into shining leaves.

Her pretty white face and yellow hair became a lovely flower which nodded and smiled up at the sun!

The next time you go into your grandmother's garden, run up to the sunflower that stands near the fence. Whisper to it, "Clytie," and see what happens.

THE STORY OF THE THISTLE

See this tall soldier in a kilt so short that it does not cover his knees!

What a strange dress!

Do you know to what country he belongs?

He is a Highland laddie from Scotland. His home is in a valley shut in by high hills. They are covered in the summer and the autumn with purple heather.

The soldier loves the heather, but he loves the thistle more. The thistle is a soldier, too! It saved Scotland from her foes.

This is how it happened: —

The fierce cruel men from the north came down to Scotland.

There they fought many battles.

The brave Highlanders tried hard to drive them back.

One day, weary and worn, they lay down on the ground to take a little rest.

Each soldier wrapped his blanket about him. Soon all were sound asleep.

Something came stealing up on the other side of the hill.

Nearer and nearer it came.

It was the Northmen creeping stealthily along.

Sometimes the dry branches of the tree would snap, as the soldiers put them aside.

Or the crisp leaves would crackle noisily under their feet.

"Sh! Sh!" the leader would say.

The man in the moon saw them coming, as he peeped through the clouds.

Quickly he brushed away the clouds. He tried to waken the Scots by sending his beams right into their eyes.

But still the Scots slept on.

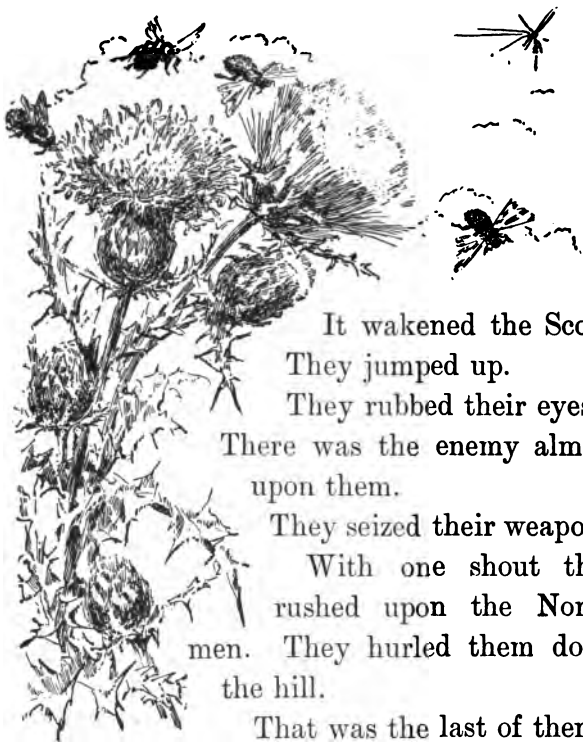
At last, a brave thistle said to itself: —

"I shall save Scotland even if I die for it."

Raising high his sharp, thorny head, he stood in the path of the savages.

In another moment a great naked foot came

down upon the thistle. A loud cry of pain rang out in the still night.



It wakened the Scots.
They jumped up.
They rubbed their eyes.
There was the enemy almost upon them.
They seized their weapons.
With one shout they rushed upon the Northmen. They hurled them down the hill.
That was the last of them.

So the thistle saved Scotland. And so, above all else, do the Scots love the thistle.

AURORA

A LITTLE wind comes and wakens all the birds and flowers every morning.

He rocks the branches of the trees where the birds have their nests. He says, "Wake up, little birds, and sing! Aurora is coming."

He shakes the flowers, a little rudely even, to waken them. Then they lift their heads, and send out their sweet breath on the air.

He comes through your open window and tickles your cheek with your curls. He says, "Get up, little boy; the dawn is here!"

Perhaps you are a little sleepyhead, and turn your back on the wind, going to sleep again.

But if you wake up with the birds and the flowers, you will see the coming of beautiful Aurora.

She is the goddess of the Dawn, and she lives in a golden palace near Apollo.

Every morning she pulls aside the curtains of the East with her rosy-tipped fingers, and looks out upon the world.

There she stands in her yellow gown, a torch high above her head. She wants to see if the road is clear for the sun god.

She turns her back to tell him that all is ready. Then, flying before him, she scatters roses in his path.

AURORA'S TEARS

Did you ever take a walk in the fields after the sun has gone to sleep?

The grass is wet. Little pearly drops are on the flowers.

It is as if somebody was quietly weeping, weeping.

All night long, too, her tears are falling. In the early morning sun they glisten like tiny diamonds.

Who is it that cries so softly, and why is she so sad?

This is the story: —

Aurora still weeps for her son, Memnon. Yet it is thousands of years since he died.

Every evening, when the darkness sets in and all things are still and quiet, she grows sad and lonely.

For she thinks of that night, so long ago, when she saw her son dead.

He was fighting a great battle. With his lance and his spear he was winning the day.

Then he met the hero Achilles, and went down before him.

Aurora, watching from Olympus, wept for her son.

His brothers, the winds, carried his body to the banks of a river.

There Aurora, with her maidens, the Hours, took leave of him. There they buried him.

The queen of night covered the starry heavens with black clouds, in mourning for Aurora's son.

But Aurora has never gotten over her loss. Great teardrops gather in her eyes and fall one by one, as she thinks of her brave Memnon.

AURORA AND TITHONUS

THERE was once a beautiful youth named Tithonus who loved Aurora dearly.

Lying in the green grass, he watched for her every morning.

And every morning Aurora smiled down on him.

One day Tithonus was sick and dying.

He begged to be carried out into the green meadow. He wanted one last look at Aurora.

But when she saw him, she caught him up in her chariot, and carried him to Jupiter.

She begged the King of the gods to grant that Tithonus should live forever, because she loved him.

Jupiter granted this, and Aurora was happy.

But she forgot to ask Jupiter to grant that he should be forever young.

So, after many years, the beautiful youth grew ugly and withered.

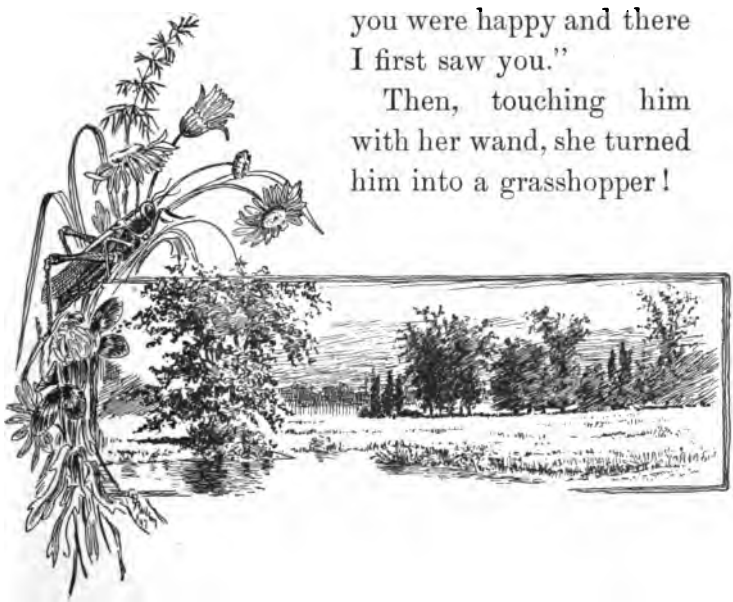
His back was stooped. His head was bald. His legs trembled. His skin was brown and wrinkled.

Aurora was still as young and beautiful as ever. The gods never grow old.

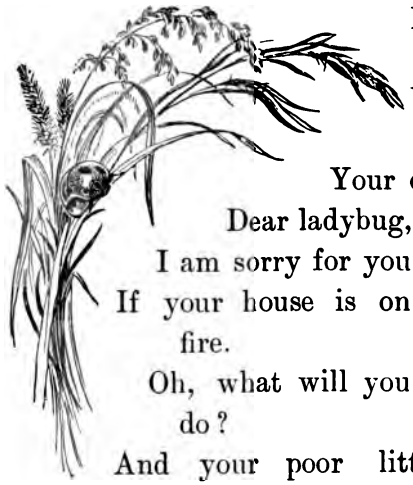
She begged Jupiter to take back his gift. But that could not be.

Aurora took pity on him, and said, "Dear Tithonus, you must live forever. But you shall live always in the green meadow. For there you were happy and there I first saw you."

Then, touching him with her wand, she turned him into a grasshopper!



LADYBUG



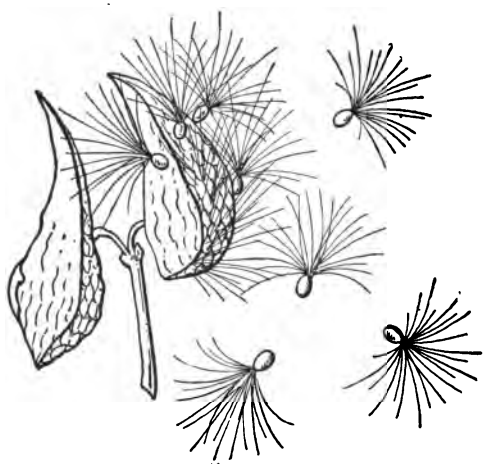
LADYBUG, ladybug,
Fly away home!
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

Dear ladybug,
I am sorry for you
If your house is on fire.
Oh, what will you do?
And your poor little children
All burning, dear me!
It does seem as cruel
As cruel can be.
Oh, why don't you hurry,
You slow little elf?
If I knew where you lived,
I should go there myself.
The house might burn down
While you're turning about.
'Tis because you are feeling
So badly, no doubt,

That you hardly can stir —
No wonder, poor dear!
You must be half crazy
Such bad news to hear;
Though I've told it to dozens,
I think, besides you,
I feel just like crying
Whenever I do.
Now think of your babies!
Run, ladybug, run!
I do hope some neighbor
Has saved every one
From the terrible fire.
And ladybug, then,
You can build a new house,
And be happy again.

—Cara W. Bronson.

MILKWEED PODS



ALONG the dusty way they stood
Till curious fingered Autumn chanced to pass,
And, like Pandora, thought she could
Just slightly raise the cover. But, alas!
The wingèd contents were àway
And nought of Autumn's skill could make them stay.

— ELIZABETH M. HOWELL.

THE SUN

APOLLO'S MOTHER

Do you remember that Mercury's big brother was called Apollo?

Jupiter was the father of both of them, but Apollo's mother was called Latona.

She was not so pretty and merry as golden-haired Maia, the mother of Mercury.

But she was tall and beautiful, with eyes and hair as black as night.

She was very unhappy. Juno was jealous of her, and drove her away from home.

The poor lady had to go on and on without resting for a single moment. For Juno made all things, both great and small, promise not to help her.

One day, tired and thirsty, she saw, not far away, a pond of clear water.

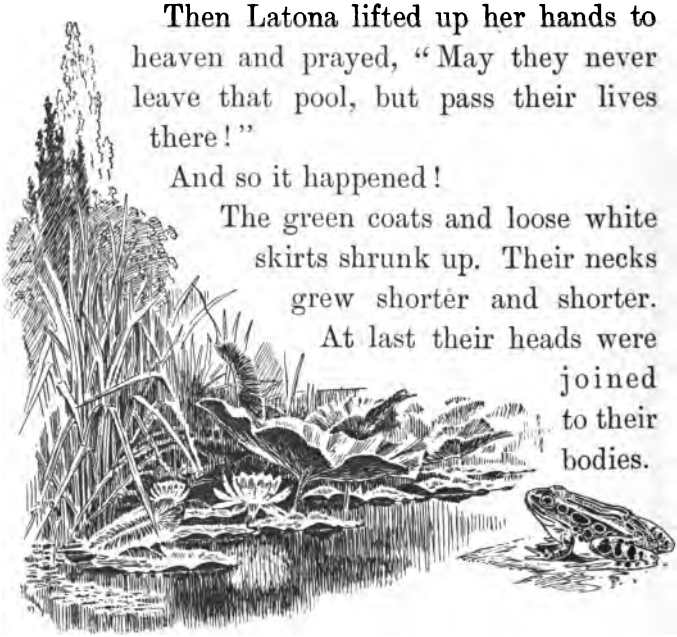
She ran towards it, and she knelt on the bank.

She put her mouth down to take a drink of the cool water.

But some country people who were working on the shore would not let her drink.

"Why are you so cruel? Is not water free to all? Have pity on me! I am thirsty, and I only ask a drink of this cool water!"

But they waded into the pool, and stirred up the mud with their feet. Then the water was not fit to drink.



Then Latona lifted up her hands to heaven and prayed, "May they never leave that pool, but pass their lives there!"

And so it happened!

The green coats and loose white skirts shrunk up. Their necks grew shorter and shorter. At last their heads were joined to their bodies.

Their voices grew harsh, and their cruel mouths, which had refused a drink of water to poor Latona, were stretched from ear to ear.

And ever since they have lived as frogs in the slimy pool.

Sometimes they jump out for a little while on the bank, and then you can see their green backs and white bellies.

But pretty soon they have to jump into the water again.

BIRTH OF APOLLO

At last, one day, Latona came to the sea.

As she ran along the beach, tired and footsore, she cried out: —

"O Father Neptune, help me!"

Neptune, the god of the sea, felt sorry for her.

He sent out of the water a huge fish, called a dolphin.

The dolphin took Latona upon its back. He carried her over the waves to a little island named Delos.

This island was not much bigger than a boat.

To keep it from rocking, Neptune fastened it with chains to the bottom of the sea.

By and by two babies were born. The boy was called Apollo, and his twin sister was named Diana.

The two children grew very fast.

Apollo was soon a tall and handsome young man.

His face was as bright as the sun.

His father, Jupiter, was proud of him. He gave him a golden chariot and a pair of swans. These would carry him over land and sea, wherever he wanted to go.

He also gave him a silver bow, with sharp, bright arrows.

Apollo was such a good shot that his arrows never missed their mark.

Let me tell you how he shot the great serpent, Python, with one of these shining arrows.

THE KILLING OF THE PYTHON

THE Python was a huge serpent. He lived in a cave near the foot of a mountain in Greece.

Every little while he would come out and seize sheep and oxen. And sometimes he took men, women, and little children. He dragged them into his den to eat them.

All the people lived in great terror of him.

Many had tried to kill him. But the very sight of the cruel monster had made them shake with fear.

At last Apollo heard of this. Getting into his beautiful golden car, he was carried to the spot in the twinkling of an eye.

When the people saw the bright god, they began to sing songs of joy.

Then Apollo, taking his silver bow on his shoulder, went into the mountain.

When the Python heard him coming, he rushed out of his cave to devour him.

His jaws were open. His great scaly body glistened in the light which Apollo shed around him.

But Apollo kept his bright eyes fixed on him. Taking a step forward, he drew his bow. The arrow sped right down the throat of the serpent.

Here is a picture of Apollo just after he has pulled the bow.

His arm, which you can not see, is still stretched out. He seems to be looking after the arrow to see whether it has gone where he meant to send it.

When you throw a ball, which arm do you use? Apollo used his right arm to shoot the arrow.

The people loved Apollo so much for ridding them of this cruel beast that they begged him

to stay with them always while he was on earth.

"Yes," said Apollo. "I shall build my house here."

So on the very spot where he killed the Python there was built a beautiful house.

The place was called by Apollo "Delphi," or "Dolphin," after the kind fish which had carried his mother on its back to Delos.

THE SUNBEAMS

"Now, what shall I send to the earth to-day?"
Said the great, round, golden Sun.
"Oh! let us go down there to work and play,"
Said the Sunbeams, every one.

So down to the Earth, in a shining crowd,
Went the merry, busy crew;
They painted with splendor each floating cloud
And the sky while passing through.

"Shine on, little Star, if you like," they cried;
"We will weave a golden screen
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the Moon may peep between."

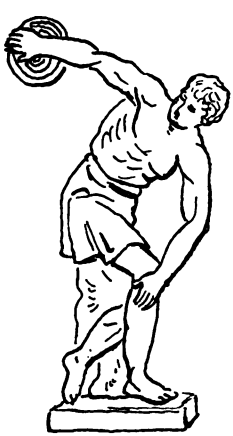
The Sunbeams then in through the windows crept,
To the children in their beds —
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded all the little heads.

"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from Dreamland come away!
We've brought you a present: wake up and see!
We have brought you a sunny day!"

— EMILIE POULSSON.

APOLLO AND HYACINTHUS

Do you know what it is to play quoits?



Once the beautiful sun-god Apollo played a game of quoits with Hyacinthus.

Listen and I will tell you what a sad thing put an end to the game.

Apollo loved Hyacinthus dearly. He loved him as if the boy had been his younger brother.

He played with him every day. He often took him with him to the mountains.

He taught him how to fish. He showed him the streams in which the fish were plenty.

He gave him a swift horse, and two or three beautiful dogs. For he wanted Hyacinthus to go with him on the hunt.

In fact, everything that the boy wished Apollo gave him.

But listen to what happened.

One day Apollo took a long walk with Hyacinthus out in the green fields.

But the fields were no longer green. They were brown and dry from the great heat of summer.

The flowers drooped their heads for want of rain.

The wheat and corn were dying in the hot sun.

Not a leaf was stirring on the trees.

The sheep and cows had left the open fields where they had been grazing. They were standing under the trees near the water.

Apollo and Hyacinthus sat down under the shade of a large chestnut tree to get cool.

After a little while, the god took his lyre. He made the sweetest music that you ever heard.

Soon Hyacinthus became restless. Like most

lads, he liked to play games much better than to listen to music.

"Let us play a game of quoits," said he. "This meadow is a fine open space for throwing the discus."

"It is very warm for such a game," said Apollo.

But nothing else would please Hyacinthus, and so the game began.

Hyacinthus threw the first quoit and then it was Apollo's turn.

He threw the quoit so high, that it was a long time coming down.

Hyacinthus ran to catch it.

It fell to the earth with great force. It bounded up again just as Hyacinthus was stooping for it.

It struck the poor boy on the forehead, and he fell down dead.

Apollo ran to him. He lifted his head on his knee.

He cried bitterly. His tears mingled with the blood that flowed from the wound on to the ground.

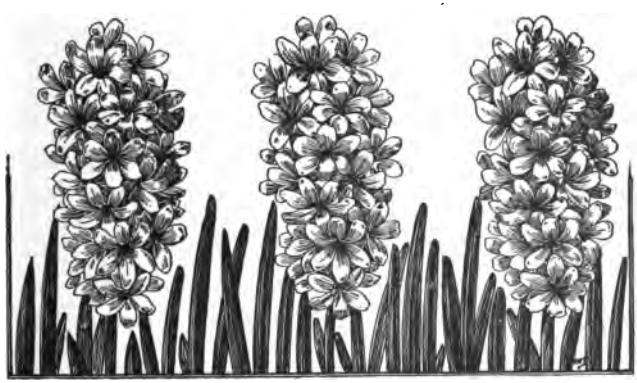
"Oh, my poor boy! My dear Hyacinthus!" he cried.

"What shall I do? I cannot bring you back to life.

"But you shall live in the form of a beautiful flower. And every one that sees you shall remember how much I loved you."

And as he spoke, there grew out of the very spot where the boy had fallen, a lovely Hyacinth.

Do you know the Hyacinth when you see it? Does it not smell sweet?



STORY OF PHAETHON

HERE is Apollo driving the car of the sun through the sky.

How wild the horses are! How they seem to rear and plunge!

And yet how lightly he holds the reins!

They know their master. They obey the lightest touch of his hand.

But what if some one else should dare to drive them!

How they would pull on the bit, and stamp and fret!

There was once a young man who was so

bold as to think that he could drive these fiery horses.

This was Phaethon, the son of Apollo.

He lived on the earth with his mother. He saw his father only from a great distance.

He was very proud of having so mighty a father.

But his companions jeered at him.

"We do not believe that it is true," they said. "He never comes to see you."

But his mother said: "Wait, my son, until you are tall and strong. Then you may go to find your father in the palace of sunrise."

Day after day passed, and Phaethon grew impatient.

At last, one day, his mother said, "Go, my son; now is the time."

All that day, and all the night, he travelled to the east. Before daybreak he came to the palace of Apollo.

The great king was sitting on a throne of gold and diamonds.

He wore on his head a crown of sunbeams.

On his right hand stood the Days, the Months, the Years.

On his left hand stood the Seasons.

There was Spring, with a wreath of flowers on her head. Summer had her arms full of grain. Autumn carried a basket of fruit. Winter's curls were glistening icicles.

Phaethon was so dazzled by the bright light, that he had to shade his eyes with his hand.

Apollo saw the young man, and knew him to be his son.

He laid aside his crown of sunbeams and stepped down from his throne.

Taking Phaethon in his arms, he called him his son, and kissed him.

"Oh, my father!" cried Phaethon, "if I am indeed your son, give me something to show that I belong to you."

"Ask what you will, my child, and I shall grant it."

Phaethon did not have to think twice about what he wanted. He had long ago made up his mind what, in all the world, he would most like to do.

"Let me drive the sun-car through the sky, just for one day, Father," said he.

Apollo was very sorry when he heard this.

"Listen, my son," said he, "no one but my-

self can do that, not even Jupiter, the king of all the gods.

"How can you, who are only mortal, hope to do it?

"The horses are wild and the road is steep.

"First it goes up and up, so that the horses can scarcely climb it.

"The middle of the way is so high that you dare not look down upon the earth, far below you.

"The last part is down such a steep hill that you are in danger of falling headlong."

He told him, too, of the monsters of the sky; the Great Bear, the Scorpion, the Lion.

But Phaethon would not be satisfied with anything else. And, as Apollo had promised, it had to be so.

By this time the Dawn had opened the doors of the East.

The horses were led from the stable and harnessed to the sun-car.

This was made of gold and diamonds.

The wheels were of gold, with spokes of silver.

The horses breathed fire from their great nostrils.

When all was ready, Apollo placed the crown of sunbeams on the head of Phaethon.

He put in his hand the reins and the whip. He gave him this advice: —

"Do not go too high, or you will set heaven on fire. Do not go too low or you will burn the earth.

"Keep to the middle path; you will see the deep ruts that the car has made."

But Phaethon was in a hurry to be off.

With a light touch of the whip and a gay shout, he started.

But the horses soon missed the strong hand of their master.

They plunged and reared.

They left the beaten track.

They went up so high in heaven that the Great Bear was scorched with heat.

When Phaethon looked down upon the earth from that great height, he grew pale with fear, and his knees shook.

The reins fell from his hands.

The horses plunged down the steep path toward the earth.

The clouds began to smoke.

The mountain tops were set on fire.

The rivers were dried up and mountains became deserts.

The people of Africa were burnt black.

Even Neptune, who lives in the sea, cried out in terror.

All the people called upon Jupiter to save them.

Jupiter looked down from Olympus. He saw that something had to be done quickly or the world would be burnt up.

Taking a thunderbolt in his hand, he hurled it against Phaethon and killed him.

The unhappy boy fell from the car. Down, down, he went like a shooting star. At last he sank into a great river.

The horses, snorting and foaming, found their way back to their house in the East.

TO APOLLO

God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire,
Charioteer
Round the patient year!

Who — who did dare
To tie for a moment thy plant round his bow?
O Delphic Apollo!

—Keats.

IRIS

You have often seen the rainbow. But I am not sure that you have ever seen Iris riding over it.

Iris is the daughter of Apollo and a beautiful nymph called Water-Drop.

She carries all the messages and runs on all the errands for Juno, the wife of Jupiter.

When she is in a very great hurry, a bridge is thrown down. It connects the dwelling of the gods and the earth.

Then Iris wraps herself in a rosy-colored cloud.

She puts on a necklace of raindrops given to her by her mother.

She steps into her chariot drawn by two peacocks. She touches them lightly with her whip, and away they go.

First, up and up, then down and down, over the beautiful colored arch.

When she returns, the bridge is drawn up. For no one may use it but Iris.

At the end of this rainbow bridge is planted a pot of gold.

On another day I shall tell you how this pot of gold was stolen, and of the strange way in which it was found.

Ever since that time, Iris has soldiers standing near to guard it.

They wear blue cloaks. Their swords are always drawn and pointing to the sky.

I wonder if you have ever come across any of these soldiers.

They like to camp near the water.

The next time Iris throws her bridge across the sky, look very closely. Maybe you will catch a glimpse of her.

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

— Wordsworth.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

"If I were a sunbeam
I know what I'd do:
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through.
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go:
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe:
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

—Lucy Larcom.

THE MOON

DIANA

THE sun-car has passed through the gates of the west.

They are shut softly behind it, and the bright light fades away.

The lilies in the pond fold their leaves tightly.

All the little flowers go to sleep.

The birds cuddle down in their soft nests, and tuck their heads under their wings.

The last little drowsy "pee-weep" is heard, then all is quiet.

Now something comes stealing out of the darkness.

Softly, softly, it travels on. So softly that it does not waken any of the sleeping things.

It is Diana, the goddess of the moon, in her silver car.

See the crescent above her forehead, and the soft hair flowing on her shoulders!

On her back is her quiver full of arrows.
Last evening, as she rode past your window,

she glanced in. She smiled, for there you were asleep, with your curly head where your feet should have been.

DIANA AND ENDYMION

ONE calm clear night Diana was slowly driving her silver chariot through the sky.

She looked down upon the earth. She saw this beautiful youth Endymion just as you see him in the picture.

He was asleep. His head had fallen forward on his breast. His arm was hanging at his side.

I think he did not mean to go to sleep, but he was very tired.

He was a shepherd. Do you see his staff, and his faithful dog?

I wonder why dogs like to bay at the moon?

Diana loved him dearly because he was so beautiful.

Every night as he slept, she slipped down from her path in the sky to watch over him.

This was soon found out in Olympus, and Jupiter said that Endymion must die.

But Diana begged for his life.

"So let it be," said Jupiter, "he shall live forever but he shall sleep forever."

And still he is young and beautiful, and still he sleeps.

But who takes care of his flocks, you may ask?

Diana, the queen of the moon.

THE BABY AND THE MOON

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
Sailing so high,

Drop down to Baby,

From out the great sky!"

"Baby-kin, Baby-kin, down far below,
I hear thee calling, yet I cannot go."

But Lady Moon sendeth thee soft, shining rays.
"Moon loves the Baby," the Moonlight says.

In her house dark and blue though she must stay,
Kindly she will watch thee, till dawns the new day.

—*From* FROEBEL.

THE HOTTENTOT MOON STORY

THE little Hottentot boy lives in Africa.

He has a skin as brown as your leather school bag.

Instead of washing his face, he smears it with grease to make it shine.

His lips are thick and his nose is flat.

No comb could pass through the black, woolly curls on his head.

Perhaps you do not think from this account that he is very pretty.

But his mother thinks he is the sweetest thing that ever was born.

When he asks her to tell him a story, she tells him strange tales of the sun and moon and stars, and of the curious things on earth.

Here is a story that she told him about the moon:—

One day the moon said to the hare, "Go to the earth. Tell the people that, just as I rise again after dying away, so shall they die and again come to life."

But the stupid hare did not carry the kind message right.

He told the people that the moon boasted that she rose again, but that they died forever.

When the moon heard this, she was very angry. She took up an axe to cut off the hare's head.

But the axe missed and only cut his lip open. Ever since that time all the hare's children have a "hare lip."

The hare, maddened by the pain, flew at the moon and almost scratched her eyes out.

The black scars on the moon's face are the marks of the hare's claws.

YUM SING

Poor little Yum Sing is crying!

See how the tears are running out of the corners of his little slanting eyes!

I hope they will not spoil the color of his pretty yellow face.

But did you ever see such a funny little shaved head!

There is just one lock left on top!

It is hardly long enough to braid, but his mother has tried hard to do it.

When it has grown long it will hang down his back like a long black tail.

Let me tell you what is the matter with Yum Sing.

His mother, Mrs. Pitti Sing, is sending him to bed without his supper.

I am afraid that she has given his pig-tail a sharp little pull.

And all because he did not use his chop-sticks nicely, as she told him to.

So he spilled his rice on his new blue blouse!

As he lay in bed, the moon shone down on him gently. It almost seemed to be sorry for him.

He was very hungry and very unhappy.

He looked up at the kind moon. He began to wonder if it was supper-time up there, and whether they liked rice.

All at once a little hand touched him, and a kind voice said: —

"Here, dear Yum Sing, I have brought you a bowl of rice. The little rabbit in the moon sent it to you."

"Oh! Is there a rabbit in the moon?" said Yum Sing.

"Why, yes. Can you not see him from here pounding his rice in a bowl?"

Little Yum Sing forgot that he was hungry. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

There he flattened his little yellow nose — that was already flat enough — against the pane.

I wonder if you made your nose *very* flat against the window-pane if you could see the rabbit?

Yum Sing did.

GERMAN STORY OF THE MOON

"TELL me about the man in the moon, Mother," said Gretchen, as her mother was brushing her long, yellow braids.

"He was a wicked man who would gather fagots on the Sabbath. So he was put up in the moon. There he was to stand forever with a bundle of sticks on his back."

ICELANDIC STORY OF THE MOON

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

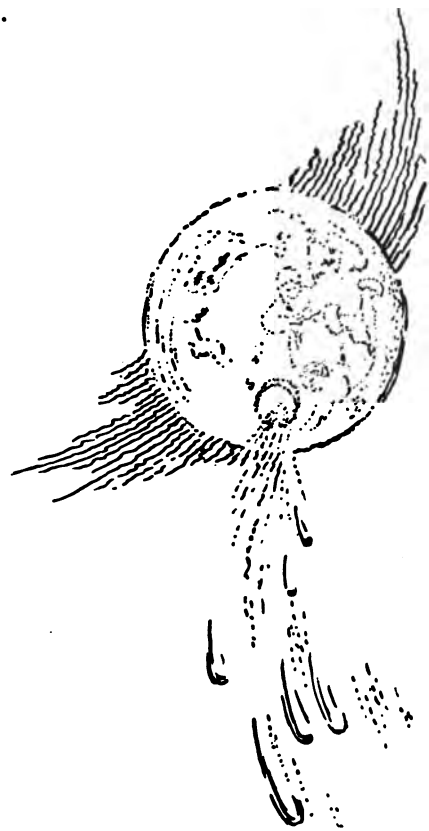
Poor little Jack and Jill were picked up by the moon.

She wiped Jill's tears, and patched Jack's crown.

Then, taking one under each arm, she flew up to the sky again.

There they draw water for her. Sometimes their bucket tilts over, and the water spills.

Then the people on earth put up their umbrellas.



WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE MOON?

* * * * * * *

O MOON! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

—JEAN INGELOW.

WINTER STORIES AND POEMS

WINTER

PREPARATION FOR WINTER

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

ALL summer long the ants gathered grain and carried it to their nests.

One fine day in winter they took it out to dry.

A poor starving grasshopper saw them at work. He begged them to give him a little food.

The ants asked him why he had not saved food during the summer.

He said, "I did not have time enough. I sang all day long."

The ants laughed at him, and said: —

"You were foolish to sing all summer. No wonder that you have gone to bed without a supper all winter."

— *Adapted from* ÆSOP.

THE KIND OLD OAK

It was almost time for winter to come.

The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold.

There was no green grass in the fields. There were no pretty flowers in the garden.

Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter, with its snow and ice, was coming.

At the foot of an old oak-tree, some sweet little violets were still in blossom.

"Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming. We are afraid that we shall die of the cold."

"Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak. "Close your yellow eyes in sleep and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I shall take care that the winter may do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep. They knew that they could trust the kind old oak.

And the great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them until they were all covered over.

The cold winter came with its snow and ice. But it could not harm the little violets.

Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak, they slept and dreamed happy dreams, until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.

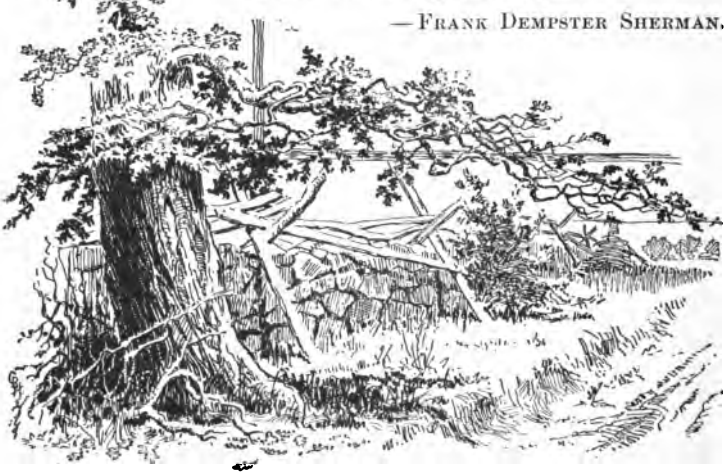
LEAVES AT PLAY

SCAMPER, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old Wind shout,
Laughing as you run.
And I haven't any doubt
That he likes the fun.

When you've run a month or so,
Very tired you'll get;
But the same old Wind, I know,
Will be laughing yet
When he tucks you in your snow,
Downy coverlet.

So run on and have your play,
Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day,
While the sun is bright,
Soon you'll hear the old Wind say,
"Little leaves, good-night!"

—Frank Dempster Sherman.



THE BROKEN WING

Six little eagles lived in a nest with their father and mother.

One evening the old birds did not come home.

They had been killed by the gun of the hunter.

The young ones did not know this.

They had never been out of their soft nest. They had never even heard of the cruel things that are done in the big world.

But they felt very lonely and very hungry.

All night they cuddled close to each other, and the baby cried pitifully.

When morning came, Strong Wing, the oldest, said to them: —

"Brothers and sisters, I am afraid that our dear parents will never come back again. I must take their place.

"Be good children while I go to find some breakfast for you."

Soon he came back with a nice fat duck!

As the days went by, he taught the younger ones how to fly, and where to find good dinners.

But one sad day Strong Wing did not come home.

Once more the little family were in sorrow.

The next day they started to look for their kind brother.

They flew high and low and called and called him.

At last they heard a faint cry, and there was Strong Wing!

He was not able to fly, for one of his strong wings was broken.

What a misfortune!

For you must know that this little family had meant to move in a few days to a new house in a warmer land.

"You must still go," said Broken Wing, "for the winter will kill you."

"And leave you!" said they. "No, indeed! You cared for us when we were little and helpless. Now we will care for you."

So they found a hollow place in the trunk of a tree. There they placed their wounded brother.

Then they gathered in a large store of things to eat for the winter.

Two of them *did* go to the warm South.

They loved their brother as much as the others. But they said: "If two hungry mouths go away, the food will last longer."

Everything went well.

Broken Wing became Strong Wing again.

The little baby eagle had now almost grown up. He used to go in search of food like the others.

But he never brought anything home!

"The big owl that lives in the tree near by takes it from me," he cried.

The next day Strong Wing went with him.

He watched the youngster catch a fat, white duck and soar up with it.

True enough! Just as he was near home, the owl flew out.

But Strong Wing was "Fleet Wing," too.

He struck his talons in the back of Mr Owl.

"Oh! Oh! Let me go, and I shall never do it any more!" cried the owl.

"Do you promise?" said Strong Wing.

"Yes! Yes!" said the owl.

Then Strong Wing let him go, first telling him what herbs would cure his sore back.

Maybe Baby Eagle was not proud to throw down his fat, white duck on the table!

Just as he did it, company came for dinner!

Who was it, do you think?

Why, the two little brothers from the South!

They had come home, for they knew that spring was in the North.

A BIRD STORY

ONE spring day, a pair of birds who had never seen a winter came to our fields.

One of the birds began to sing. Then the other bird said: —

"Who told you to sing?"

He answered: —

"The flowers told me, and the bees told me. The winds and leaves told me. The blue sky told me, and YOU told me."

Then his mate said: —

"When did I tell you to sing?"

He answered: —

"Every time that you brought in grass, or hair, or feathers for the nest. For I felt so happy that I must sing."

By and by there were five pretty eggs in the nest.

Then the happy birds looked down at the people who passed by, and felt sorry for them because they were not birds.

One day, when the father bird came home, the mother bird said: —

"Oh! what do you think has happened?"

"What?"

"One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!"

Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, then another, and another.

Then the five little birds were hatched out.

The father bird sang louder than ever.

The mother bird wanted to sing, too. But she had no time. So she turned her song into work.

The little birds were so hungry, that it kept both parents busy feeding them.

Soon the little birds were big enough to begin to fly.

Then they grew strong enough to find food. They built their own nests, and sang their own songs.

The old birds then were silent.

"Why don't you sing?" said the mother.

"I can't sing. I can only think and think."

"What are you thinking about?" she said.

"I am thinking how everything changes. The leaves are falling, the flowers are all going. Something calls me. I feel as if I would like to fly far away."

"Let us fly together!" said the mother bird.

Then they rose into the air.

They looked to the north. Far away they saw the snow coming.

They looked to the south. There they saw flowers and green leaves.

There they flew and flew, until they came to a land where there was no winter.

There flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

THE STARS

THE STAR AND THE LILY

One evening an old chief sat at the door of his wigwam smoking his pipe.

A crowd of little Indian boys and girls gathered about him and begged for a story.

This is what he told them: —

Once all the people were happy. There was no sickness and no war. The white man had not come.

There was plenty of game in the forest. There was plenty of fruit on the trees.

The earth was covered with a carpet of flowers. There were birds of more beautiful plumage than now.

The red man loved the stars. For he believed that in them the good people lived who had been taken home by the Great Spirit.

One night they saw a star that shone brighter than all others.

Night after night, as they watched it, it came nearer and nearer.

At last it rested on the top of a tree like a beautiful bird.

One morning it spoke to a young warrior of the tribe and said: —

"Young Brave! I have looked down upon your people for a long time. I have grown to love them and their beautiful land, with its flowers and birds and rivers.

"I have left my two sisters — the Morning and Evening stars — in the sky, and have come to live with you forever.

"Ask your wise men what form I shall take, and where I shall live to be most loved."

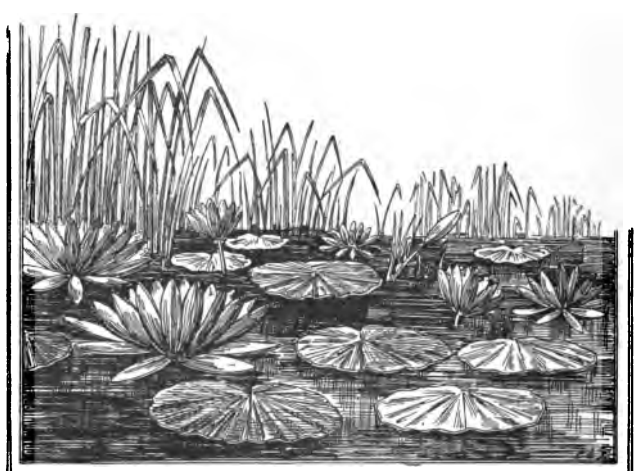
The star was asked to choose for herself.

"I know where I shall live," she said joyfully,—"in the lap of the water, where I can see the gliding canoe. Then I can kiss the naked feet of the little children as they play on the bank of the stream."

With these words she flew down to the water, where she saw herself reflected.

The next morning, thousands of white flowers were seen on the lake.

Children, when you see the water-lily, take it in your hands and hold it to the skies, that it may see its sisters in heaven.



SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE WHITE BEAR

I

THERE was once a beautiful woman named Callisto. She was dearly loved by Jupiter.

She had a dear little son called Arcas. He was her pride and joy.

But still she loved the forests and the woods, the trees and the birds, almost as much.

With her dogs at her heels, and her quiver of

arrows across her shoulder, she hunted the wild deer and the fierce bear.

When she went to the chase with her companions, she was the merriest of the party.

One day as she was going gayly through the forest, she met the jealous Juno, who hated her.

Juno stood still, raised her hand, and said some strange words.

Then a terrible thing happened to poor Callisto.

Her arms grew shaggy, and were covered with hair.

Her nails grew into pointed claws.

Her hands turned to paws and she had to stand on all fours.

Her beautiful mouth that was always smiling wore an ugly grin.

Her sweet voice was changed to the fierce growl of a hungry bear.

Poor Callisto!

Now she runs from her own dogs in terror.

But she runs from the bears, too; for she forgets that she is herself a bear.

More than all does she grieve for her dear little son Arcas.

For although she had a bear's body, she still had a loving human heart.

She would never see him again!

Even if she met him, the child would be frightened if she tried to hug him.

Nobody wants a hug from a bear!

So the years went by, and poor Callisto lived hidden in the forest.

THE WHITE BEAR

II

THESE years had changed Arcas from a little boy to a young man.

Like his mother, he was very fond of hunting.

One day he followed a deer into the forest.

All at once, he found himself in front of a great white bear.

He lifted his spear to pierce its heart.

But the eyes of the bear looked at him so sadly and so lovingly, that he did not strike the blow.

Just then Jupiter appeared, and snatched the spear from his hand.

The great god carried both the mother and son up to the starry sky.

There he put them in the heavens to shine forever.

Now the people on earth look up to the sky and say, "There is the Great Bear, and there is the Little Bear."

To Arcas, the Little Bear, Jupiter gave a great work to do.

He holds in its place the star which guides all travellers on their way, — the wonderful North Star.

If you should try to find the Great Bear in

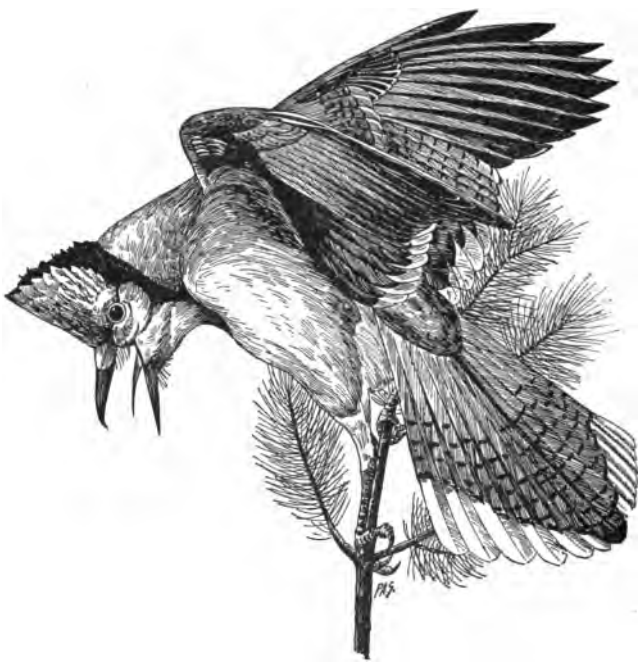
the sky some starry night, I am afraid that you will not see anything that looks like a bear.

But you will see something that looks like a great dipper. There are three bright stars in the handle, and four bright stars in the cup. This is Callisto.

Not far from her is Arcas, looking, for all the world, like a small dipper.

THE BIRDS

BLUE JAY



"WHAT, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?"

—SHAKESPEARE.

CHICKADEE

"THEN piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chick-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat
As if it said, Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

STORY OF THE PEACOCK

JUPITER dearly loved beautiful Io.

She lived all alone on the bank of a river.

Often she bathed in its cool waters.

When she plunged in, the little waves and ripples played about her as if they loved her.

Then, as she combed and braided her long hair, she used the smooth waters for a mirror.

They showed her her own sweet face and seemed to say "Pretty Io," "Pretty Io."

Juno was as cruel to Io as she had been to Latona.

She came down to the bank of the river where Io lived, meaning to do her some harm.

But instead of a pretty young girl, she saw only a gentle white cow grazing.

Juno could not understand it!

There it was, slowly munching the sweet grass, and hunting with its pink nostrils for the purple clover.

Its hide was white and glossy.

Its long horns were curved like the crescent of the moon.

It looked at Juno with eyes as soft as her own.

"This is very strange," said Juno. "I must put Argus to watch this animal."

Now Argus had a hundred eyes in his head!

So, if he went to sleep with two eyes, as watchmen sometimes do, he still had ninety-eight eyes wide open!

All day long he let the white cow graze. At night he put a rope around her neck, and fastened her to a stake.

Now I must whisper in your ear a secret!

The gentle white cow was no other than beautiful Io herself!

Jupiter had changed her into this shape so that Juno would not find her.

But Juno, who was very wise, guessed who it was that the white cow hid.

Poor Io was very unhappy under the gaze of all those eyes.

She sometimes tried to put out her arms to Argus to beg him to let her go, but she had no arms.

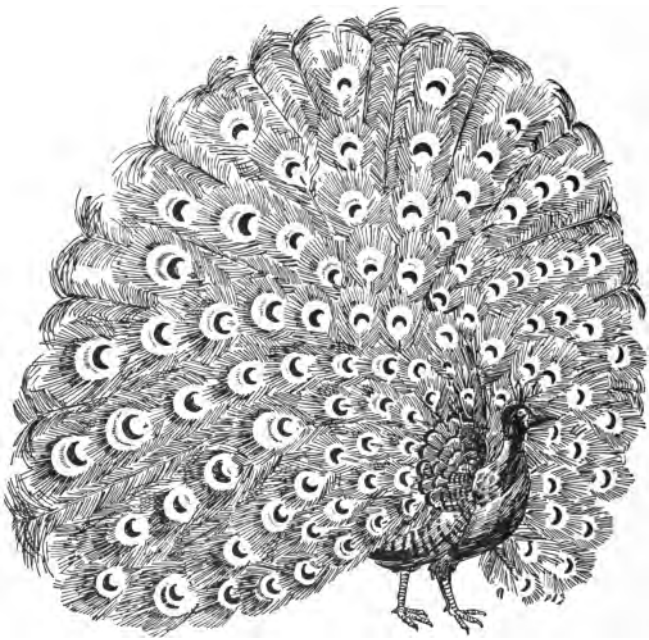
Then she tried to speak to him, but she could only "moo" sadly.

At last Jupiter told Mercury the secret that I have told you, and sent him to set Io free.

Mercury dressed himself like a shepherd, took

his flute and as he walked along the road played a tune upon it.

"Come here, young shepherd," called Argus. "Sit with me under the trees, and give me some music."



Mercury sat down and played the sweetest lullaby that ever was heard.

A "lullaby," you know, is what mother sings to put baby's two pretty eyes to sleep.

Well, sure enough, one after another of the hundred eyes of Argus grew blinky and drowsy. At last all were asleep.

Then up jumped Mercury and killed the cruel monster, and set Io free.

Juno was sorry for her watchman. So she saved his eyes and put them in the tail of her peacock.

THE CROW'S CHILDREN

A HUNTSMAN, bearing his gun afield,
Went whistling merrily,
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree: —

"You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do!"

"But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?"
"Oh, no," said the crow, "they're the prettiest birds,
And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman, whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,
Cawing away in her nook;
For she said, "He'll never kill my birds,
Since I told him how they look."

When, lo! she saw the hunter
Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun
Hanging down his back.

"Alack, alack!" said the mother,
"What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds,
And you've killed them every one."

"Your birds!" said the puzzled hunter;
"Why, I found them in my corn;
And, besides, they are black and ugly
As any ever were born!"

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
Said the angriest of crows;
"How good and fair the children are,
There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!"

— PHŒBE CARY.

INDIAN STORY OF THE EAGLE

PERHAPS Jupiter liked the eagle for the same reason that Uncle Sam does. He is brave and soars high.

The Indians loved the eagle, too.

Their bravest chiefs wore the eagle's feathers in their hair when they went to battle.

They say that one day all the birds met together to try which could fly highest.

Some flew very swiftly, but soon became tired.

But the eagle flew beyond them all.

He was soon very near the sun.

Just as he thought that he would win the prize, what do you think happened?

A little gray linnet who had hid herself on the back of the great bird flew out.

She went up and up, higher than the eagle.

For the sly little thing had an easy ride on the eagle's back, and she was not tired.

When she came down, she was bold enough to ask for the prize.

Do you think she should have got it?

"No," the judges said.

"The eagle not only soared higher than any one else, but he carried another bird on his back."

WHY THE CROW IS BLACK

We often say "black as a crow."

Would it not sound strange to say "white as a crow"?

Yet once upon a time, they say, the crow was as white as the swan that sails on the lake in the park.

And it could sing sweeter than your canary.

More than this, it could talk much better than the parrot.

For that silly bird can only say what it has been taught.

But the crow could talk as plain as you, John.

But now all the crows are black because there was once a wicked crow who liked to tell tales.

This beautiful snow-white crow hung in a cage, in the house of its master, Phœbus.

He was petted and smoothed and fed by the master's own hand.

But the crow was not grateful.

Although he could sing sweetly and talk prettily, he had a wicked heart.

He did not like his master's young wife.

He was jealous when his master talked and laughed with her.

One day Phœbus went on a long journey.

While he was away, the crow slyly watched and listened.

He hoped to have a long tale to pour into his master's ear when he returned.

At last Phœbus, all tired and dusty, entered the house. Then the crow began to tell him wicked lies.

Now Phœbus had a hot temper. He became so angry with his wife that he killed the poor lady.

Hardly had he done this awful thing than he remembered how good she was and how much he loved her.

Then he wept over her, as if his heart would break.

But all at once, springing to his feet, he caught the wicked bird by the neck.

He shook him until all his snow-white feathers fell out!

"May you and your children for ever and ever be black, you teller of black tales!" he cried.

"But you shall tell no more tales!" he said. "You shall tell no more tales!

"From this day, you shall never speak another word.

"Instead of your sweet song, you shall have a dismal croak.

"And when people hear you, they will know that the black clouds are gathering, and the storm coming."

Now I am not sure that this is a true story, but this is true: —

Nobody likes the person who brings bad news.

— *Adapted from* CHAUCER'S "*Canterbury Tales.*"

SNOW

SNOWFLAKES

Out of the sky they come
  Wandering down the air,
Some to the roofs and some
  Whiten the branches bare.

Some in the empty nest,
  Some on the ground below,
Until the world is dressed
  All in a gown of snow.

Dressed in a fleecy gown
  Out of the snowflakes spun;
Wearing a golden crown,—
  Over her head the sun.

Out of the sky again
  Ghosts of the flowers that died
Visit the earth, and then
  Under the white drifts hide.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

DIANA AND NIOBE

DIANA was a great huntress. Her arrow never missed the mark.

Followed by her dogs, she went over hill and valley, forest and plain.

She often joined her brother, Apollo, in the chase.

They were very fond of each other, and of their mother Latona.

Let me tell you how they punished a proud mortal who thought herself as great as Latona.

This was Niobe. She had seven strong sons and seven beautiful daughters.

She said: "Who is this Latona, that everybody should praise her?

"She has but two children. I have seven times as many.

"Even if I should lose some of mine, I should not be as poor as Latona with her two only."

When the goddess Latona heard this, she was very angry. Calling her mighty son Apollo and her daughter Diana, she told them of it.

They darted through the air to the earth, and alighted on the towers of the city.

The clouds hid them from view.

On a broad plain the young men of the city were playing games. Among them were the sons of Niobe.

The oldest was trying to drive a pair of fiery horses.

Apollo drew his bow. The arrow sped, and he fell dead.

Two others were wrestling. One arrow pierced them both.

Then one after another fell, until the seven sons of Niobe lay dead.

Their mother wept, and kissed them. "Cruel Latona," she cried, "you have done this. But I am still richer than you, for I have my seven daughters."

She had hardly spoken when Diana drew her

bow. One after another of Niobe's daughters fell beside their brothers.

Only one was left. The poor mother begged for the life of her youngest daughter.

"Spare me this one," she cried, as she covered it with her arms.

But Diana had no pity.

The wretched mother grew stiff with grief.

There was no sign of life about her.

Her eye was fixed, her cheek was pale, the breeze did not move her hair.

Her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth, her arm made no motion, her foot took no step.

She was changed to stone, within and without, but her tears continued to flow.

THE TREE IN WINTER

THE tree was cold,
the tree was bare,
She shivered and
shook in the
frosty air,
Then she called to
her friend, the
dear kind May,
"O bring me a
leafy robe, I
pray!"

But the spring had
journeyed far
away,
And would not return for many a day;
So old Jack Frost, that good little elf,
Said, "I'll make the tree a gown myself!"

He wove a robe all snowy white,
From frozen mist, with ice-fringe bright,
And the pretty tree, in her new gown dressed
Could not tell whether leaves or snow were best.

—ELEANOR SMITH.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LAW OF THE WOOD

THE SILVER BIRCH

NEAR a grove of Spruce Firs, which grew in a beautiful wood with many other trees, stood a Silver Birch.

All summer long she had watched the Spruce trees getting into every one's way, and even into one another's.

One morning she awoke to find that the branches of the nearest tree were scratching her beautiful bark.

"You ought to give way a little," said the

Birch. "It would be more agreeable to your neighbors and more comfortable to yourselves."

"We are quite comfortable as we are," answered the Spruce; "so why and to whom should we give way?"

THE SPRUCE

"To me and to all your neighbors," said the Birch.

"Never," answered the Spruce.

"Never, never, never," echoed all the other Spruces, in a loud voice. A squirrel, who was sitting on a tree near by, dropped the cone from which she had been picking the seeds. She was frightened at the noise.

Many weeks passed by. Beautiful little cones hung on the branches of the Spruce trees.

The grove looked to be in a green and flourishing condition. But within all was brown and dry.

The summer had been very hot and sultry. The air in the Spruce grove became close and

unhealthy. The vapor that rose from the earth after heavy rains was never blown away by the fresh breezes.

And all this was because the trees would not give way even to each other.

"What can it matter," said they, "whether we are green inside? Still, I do wonder why one part is more green than another."

"It is absurd for you to wonder about it," said the Birch. "No tree could prosper who insisted upon growing in his own and everybody else's way."

"My dear friend," said a Spruce, "you are very unjust. Our rule is to go our own way and let everybody else do the same."

"Everybody cannot go his own way when we all live together," answered the Birch. "Give way one to another, is the law of the wood."

Many months passed by. All the Spruce trees were dead, except one which happened to stand a little apart from the others.

At last this one was cut down by the owner of the wood for a Christmas tree.

It stood in a brightly lighted room, covered with lights and presents.

The children rushed forward. They tumbled one over another, each going his own way without caring what happened to his neighbor.

The parents held them back, telling one to give place to another.

Then the Spruce Fir understood the fate of his friends.

He repeated to himself the words of the Silver Birch.

"Give way to one another. This is the law of the wood."

THE HEMLOCK TREE

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! How faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! How faithful are thy branches!

— *From the German, by* LONGFELLOW.

JUPITER

AWAY up above the clouds, on the top of a high mountain, lived Jupiter.

He was the mighty king of the sky and the earth.

So mighty was he that if he but nodded his head, the great mountain shook.

From his high place he could see all that went on upon the earth.

It was Jupiter who gathered the storm clouds. It was he who sent the thunder and lightning.

JUPITER

But he was kind, too. For he sent the gentle rains and winds that make the grass and flowers grow.

His house was a beautiful palace of gold on Mount Olympus.

Juno, his wife, sat beside him on a golden throne, with her feet in golden sandals.

She had large beautiful eyes like an ox.

Did you know that the ox has eyes like soft brown velvet?

But, in spite of her soft eyes, Juno could be very angry and very cruel.

JUNO

Do you remember how cruel she was to Latona?

Jupiter's sons and daughters lived with him on Mount Olympus. They all had golden houses of their own.

Every day they took dinner together in the great hall of Jupiter's palace.

Beautiful Hebe, the youngest of his daughters, waited on the table and poured out the nectar.

They ate a delicious food called Ambrosia.

While they ate and drank, Apollo made music on his wonderful lyre.

After the feast was over and the sun went down, they all said "good-night" and went home.

JUPITER'S EAGLE

THE eagle was Jupiter's bird.

He loved it as dearly as Uncle Sam loves it.

He sometimes fed it from his own hands.

The bird carried the messages for the great king.

Let me tell you on what a strange errand the eagle came to earth for one day.

Jupiter needed some one to fill pretty Hebe's place at table.

You remember that Hebe poured out the nectar for the gods.

Now she had married the great hero Hercules.

As Jupiter looked

HEBE

down on the earth, he saw a crowd of little boys playing in a meadow.

Some were rolling over each other in the sweet grass.

Others were wrestling and boxing.

Some little ones were playing "tag."

One little urchin with fat brown legs was the swiftest runner of them all.

All at once something was seen coming down out of the sky.

At first it looked like a mere speck.

As it came nearer and nearer, the boys saw that it was a monstrous eagle.

Then its mighty wings made a noise like the wind.

It made one swift dart and swooped down on Ganymede.

It fastened its talons in his kilt, and carried him off from his playmates.

Higher and higher the eagle soared, with the poor little fellow kicking and screaming.

At last they came to Olympus. Here Ganymede, before long, became very happy, for Jupiter made a great pet of him.

GANYMEDE

NEW YEAR SONG

THERE'S a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere,
His baby eyes bright
With hope and delight:
We welcome you, Happy New Year.

There's an Old Year going, going
Away in the winter drear;
His beard is like snow
And his footsteps are slow:
Good-by to you, weary Old Year!

There is always a New Year coming;
There is always an Old Year to go;
And never a tear
Drops the Happy New Year
As he scatters his gifts on the snow.

—LUCY LARCOM.

JANUS

If you gave a rat-tat-tat on the gate and some one like this opened it, what would you do? I think you would run away.

Well, this strange man with two faces was the door-keeper of Jupiter's palace on Mount Olympus.

His name is Janus.

He still stands guard at the gateways of the years.

Every New Year's day at the rat-tat-tat of Father Time, he opens wide the doors of the New Year.

Then we all enter and are glad.

We say to each other "A Happy New Year!"

After we have played a little while, and worked a little while, and may be cried a little while, some of us come out. And then Janus opens for us the door of another year.

Do you know now why we call New Year's day the first of *January?*

CHRONOS

OLD Father Time used to be called King Chronos.

With his wife, the beautiful Earth Mother, Rhea, he ruled over his people for many years.

He would have been very happy but for one thing.

He was afraid that some day his son would be king in his place.

This troubled him so much that he tried to think of a way to prevent it.

You could never guess what a strange way he chose!

When the little new-born baby was put in his arms, he wrapped it up and swallowed it!

In this way he swallowed eleven of his sons and daughters.

Rhea, their mother, was very sad at losing her children in this way.

So when the twelfth baby was born, she hid him, and gave a stone wrapped up instead of a child to Chronos.

He quickly swallowed it.

Then she took the little baby to an island far away.

Here he grew strong and beautiful.

He was taught by a wise teacher.

At last he was a man, and learned that King Chronos was his father.

He heard, too, of the cruel way in which his brothers and sisters had been destroyed.

He travelled back to his father's kingdom, and took away from him his throne.

He made him give back to Rhea all the children he had swallowed.

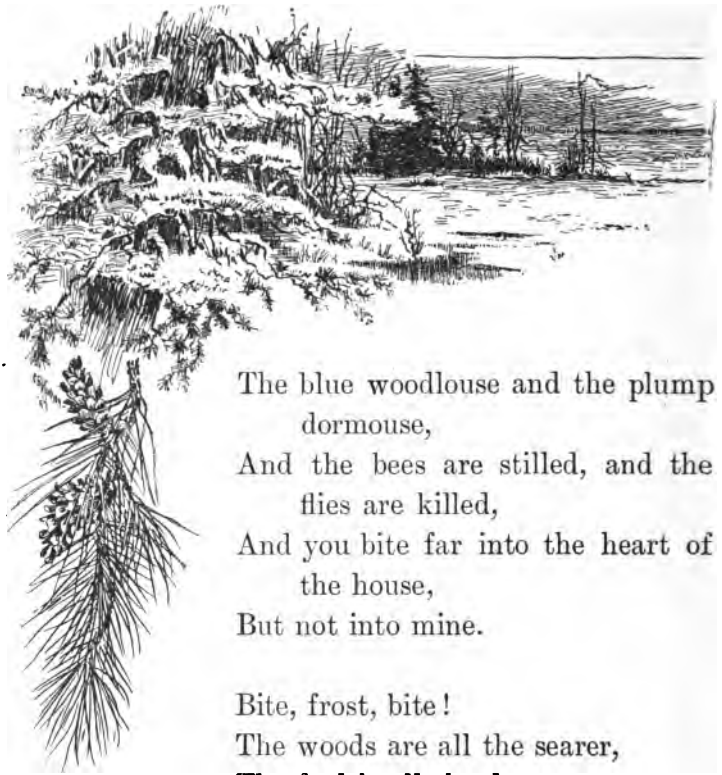
Then King Chronos began a long journey, which has never ended.

He never stops. He does not rest a second.

WINTER: SONG OF THE WRENS

THE frost is here
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here,
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light



The blue woodlouse and the plump
dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the
flies are killed,
And you bite far into the heart of
the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

— TENNYSON.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
Then nightly sings the starry owl
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! Tuwhoo!

— Shakespeare.

SPRING STORIES AND SONGS

GENERAL

PLUTO

How strange it would be to take a ride *down* through the earth!

Has anybody ever done so?

Yes, miners who dig out the coal which we burn.

Long ago people thought that if you rode down — down — all the way through the earth, you came to a place called Hades.

There the sun never shone; there was weeping and sorrow all the time.

Around it flowed the river Styx; the boatman, Charon, carried people across.

A strange monster guarded the gates.

This was Cerberus, — a fierce dog with three heads.

He was gentle to any one who went in. But growled at those who tried to get out.

The king of this dark country was named

Pluto. He was the brother of the mighty Jupiter.

To him belonged all the treasures found in the earth.

The yellow gold, the shining quartz, the beds of coal, the mines of diamonds. But in spite of all this, he was sad and lonely.

He had no one to make his dark palace bright and happy.

At last he could stand it no longer.

So one day he called for his chariot with its four black horses. He drove up to the earth, and brought back Proserpine.

PROSERPINE

PROSERPINE was a dear little girl who liked nothing better than to play all day among the flowers.

Ceres, her mother, had charge of all the grain and fruit upon the earth.

One morning Ceres said to her little daughter:

"Now, my dear, I shall be away all day. I have to go to a distant place to make the crops grow.

"Be a good little girl, and play with the gentle sea-nymphs upon the shore.

"But do not go into the water, and do not go alone into the woods."

For a long time Proserpine played with the sea-nymphs.

They brought her beautiful shells and corals from the sea.

Then she gathered wild roses and made garlands for them.

It seemed to her that the flowers had never been so beautiful before.

She filled her apron with them. But there was always a more beautiful flower just a step farther.

Then another step!—and another!—and, at last, she was in the forest.

She looked back, and saw the sea a long way off.

She felt afraid!

"I must run back," she whispered to herself, and turned to go.

But there, just at her feet, was a most strange and beautiful flower.

It had bright petals and a sweet smell.

"How lovely!" said Proserpine, "and how

strange that I did not see it before! It must have just this minute opened!"

She stooped to pluck the beautiful flower.

As she did so she heard a rumbling noise like thunder.

The flower came up, roots and all.

Then the hole at her feet became larger and larger.

All at once, out of it came a chariot drawn by four coal-black horses.

In it sat King Pluto.

His face was pale and sad.

He shaded his eyes with his hand as if the light hurt them.

Before Proserpine could run away, Pluto caught her in his arms.

She screamed so loud that her mother, although far off, heard her.

Pluto's horses were swift as the wind.

In spite of the little girl's cries, he held her close.

After he had gone some miles, he struck the earth with his staff. It opened, and his horses plunged down into the dark hole.

On the way he tried to be kind to her, and make her forget her trouble.

He pointed out the veins of gold, and the bright quartz crystals.

He showed her tons of diamonds, and told her that all these things should be hers.

But this did not make her happy. She thought only of her dear mother.

After a while they came to the river Lethe. Its waters were black and still.

Pluto told the child, that if she would drink a few drops of the water, she would forget her sorrow.

But Proserpine did not want to forget her mother, and cried harder than ever.

At last they reached the king's palace.

Dinner was set before them, but Proserpine would not taste it.

She knew that those who ate anything in Hades must stay there forever.

Every day after this some new and delicious dish was cooked for her, but all in vain.

For six long months Proserpine ate nothing.

THE FINDING OF PROSERPINE

ALL this time Ceres had been looking for her little daughter.

She had hurried home when she heard Proserpine scream.

She had asked the sea-nymphs where their little playmate was.

But they could only tell her that she had gone to gather flowers.

Then she lighted a torch and searched in all the dark corners of the world.

She knocked at every door; she asked every one that she met.

But no one had seen Proserpine.

At last she thought of Apollo, who drives the sun-car every day through the heavens.

"Surely," she thought, "he can see all that happens in the world, and will tell me where my daughter is."

"Yes, Mother Ceres," said he when she asked him, "your little girl was gathering flowers, when King Pluto snatched her up. He has carried her down to his kingdom."

Ceres was very angry.

She said that neither grain nor fruit should grow on the earth until Pluto gave back her daughter.

Then all the earth became brown and bare.

The cattle died; the birds hid themselves.

Men ploughed and sowed, but only thistles and brambles grew.

At last the people begged mighty Jupiter to help them.

He heard them, and sent his messenger, Mercury, to Hades to bring Proserpine back.

Now all this time Proserpine had eaten none of the dainties cooked for her in the palace of King Pluto.

The king was afraid that the little girl would starve.

So he sent a messenger to earth to bring down some fresh fruit.

But nothing was growing on the earth at this time, and all they could find was a poor withered pomegranate.

Proserpine was very fond of this fruit, and when she saw it, she put her little teeth in it and took one bite.

Alas! she swallowed six seeds.

CERES

At that very moment Mercury and Pluto came into the room.

"My dear," said Pluto, "here is Mercury, who has come to take you back to earth again.

"I shall be very lonely when you go. But, although I love you very much, I cannot be hard-hearted enough to keep you."

Now would you believe that Proserpine was sorry to leave King Pluto!

She had learned to love him a little.

So she promised to spend a month with him for every seed she had eaten.

The rest of the year she would spend with her mother.

Then Mercury took her hand and led her back to earth.

She would grow beautiful again.

As she walked, the earth grew green behind her and on either side of her.

Wherever she put her pretty foot there sprang up a flower.

The violets blossomed in her path.

The grain began to sprout.

The birds hopped about upon the trees, and sang with joy as she came.

Soon she was in her mother's arms.

SPRING

THE alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And butterflies are coming
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
  There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
  God made them all for you.

— CELIA THAXTER.

ANIMALS

THE LITTLE WORM THAT WAS GLAD TO BE ALIVE

ONCE there was a little worm about as long as the nail of my thumb. He was no larger round than a big darning-needle.

This little worm lived in a little house that he had made for himself in the ground.

It was just big enough to hold him when he rolled himself up like a little ball, with his head sticking out.

There were no windows nor doors in his house, except one on top, which was his door to go in at, and his window to look out of.

One day he crawled into this little house and curled himself up. He went to sleep and slept all winter.

One morning the soft, warm rain told the little worm that spring had come.

He popped up his head and thought that he would go out to walk in the garden.

So he squirmed himself up out of his hole, and crept along the garden path. He was as glad as he could be that he was alive.

Now in the house that stood in that garden, lived a little boy about four years old.

When the morning came, the sunbeams had gone into his nursery and waked him.

He was washed and dressed, and had his breakfast of bread and milk.

Then his mamma took him to the door that led down the steps of the piazza into the garden, and told him to take a run down the path and make himself warm.

So down he ran.

Now if that little boy should put his strong foot on that little worm, it would break him all to pieces.

But he would not do such a cruel thing!

He saw the little worm creeping along, so glad to be alive, and he ran on the other side of the path.

After a while the little worm felt tired and went creeping back to the little hole that was his home.

He curled himself up like a little ball, and went to sleep for the rest of the day.

ALL THE BIRDS HAVE COME AGAIN

All the birds have come again,
Come with joyous singing.
Through the meadow and the wood,
Hear their voices ringing.
Robin, bluebird, thrush and all,—
Listen to their merry call!
Pleasant spring-time's happy days
Joy and life are bringing.

See how gayly one and all
To and fro are springing.
Little nests you soon will spy,
To the branches clinging,
As their chirping meets my ear,
All their singing, sweet and clear,
Pleasant spring-time's happy days
Joy and life are bringing.

SWALLOW

"WHAT tidings hath the Swallow heard
That bids her leave the lands of Summer,
For woods and fields where April yields
Bleak welcome to the blithe newcomer?"

* * * * * *

"She is here, she is here, the Swallow,
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow."

ROBIN REDBREAST

VERY early was the little Indian boy taught to be brave and to endure.

When he was eleven years old, he had to leave his father's wigwam. He had to go and live in the forest by himself.

Here he stayed for seven days. During all that time he did not eat even a corn cake. He did not take a drink of cool water from the stream.

He must not cry, no matter how much he suffered. He must be patient and silent.

Then there would come to the poor little fellow a Great Spirit.

He would touch the boy and promise him that he would become a great warrior.

He would give him, too, a new name.

* * * * * * *

Once there was a great chief who had an only son.

The child was not strong, but he was so gentle and good that every one loved him.

When he was eleven years old, the poor little boy was sent to the forest.

His mother wept when she took leave of him. She felt that she would never again see her darling.

His father, too, was sad at heart.

But the stern old chief felt that he must teach his son to be brave. He hoped that, in time, he might become head of the tribe.

So he made him a little tent of birch logs.

And he spread on the floor a mat of reeds.

Then the little boy lay down and closed his eyes, and his father went away.

After a few days the great chief came back and saw his little son, pale and thin.

"Father, take me back," said he. "Take me back, or I shall die.

"I do not want to be a great warrior. I want to love people, not to kill them."

But the chief said, "Be patient, my son. In two more days I shall come for you again.

"Then I shall bring you food, and take you home to your mother."

On the seventh day he came and looked in the tent, and found it empty.

But on the roof sat a robin with a bright red breast, and sang this song:

"Great Chief, I was once your son. I shall

always live near you, and love your people. I shall sing them this song: —

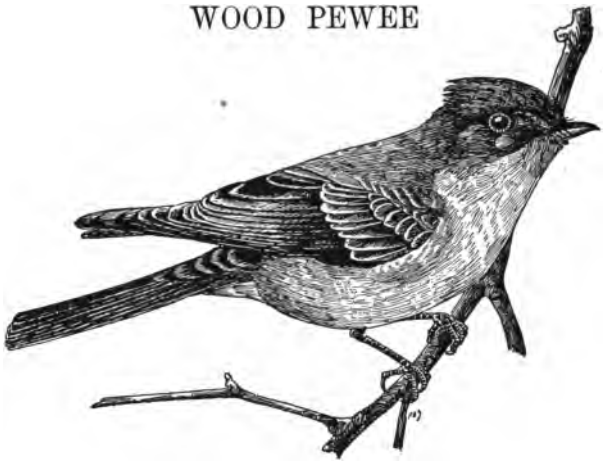
Chief, listen, Chief!
Be more gentle; be more loving
Chief, teach it, Chief;
Be not fierce, oh, be not cruel;
Love each other!
Love each other!"

BOBOLINK

"EVERY one's a funny fellow, every one's a little mellow;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow.

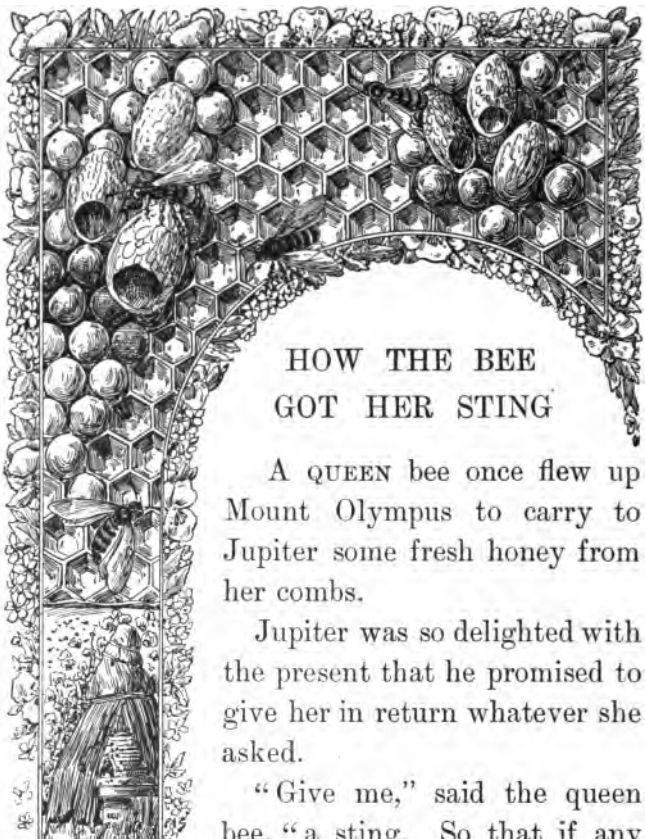
Merrily, merrily, there they lie; now they rise and now they fly.
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down the middle, and wheel about,
With a 'Phew, shew, Wadolincon! Listen to me, Bobolincon!
Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing,
That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover.
Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow me!'"

WOOD PEWEE



"A LITTLE bird, in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple branches, mute;
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender starred —
'Dear bird,' I said, 'what is thy name?'
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near, —
'Pewee! pe-wee! peer!'"

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



HOW THE BEE GOT HER STING

A QUEEN bee once flew up Mount Olympus to carry to Jupiter some fresh honey from her combs.

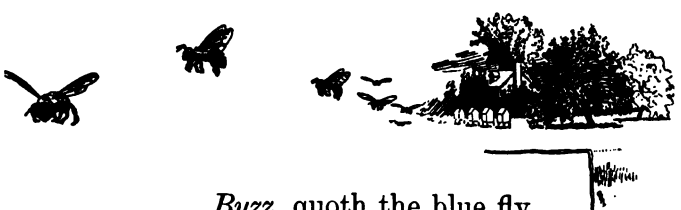
Jupiter was so delighted with the present that he promised to give her in return whatever she asked.

"Give me," said the queen bee, "a sting. So that if any other queen tries to take my people from me, I may kill her. Give me, also, a sting for each of my bees. So that if a mortal attempts to steal honey from my hive, they, too, may die."

Jupiter was much displeased, for he loved the race of man. But he had to keep his promise.

"You and your people shall have a sting," he said. "But if you use it, it shall remain in the wound that you make. And you shall die from the loss of it."

CATCH



Buzz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee;
Buzz and hum they cry,
And so do we!

—Ben Jonson.

PLANTS

ARBUTUS

"The trailing Spring flower, tinted like a shell,
Amid dry leaves and mosses."

—WHITTIER.

HEPATICA

"Out burst the merry bright sun, like gold;
And a robin sang out so blithe and bold,
And little Hepatica laughed in glee,
'Why, it's spring, I declare, it's spring,' said she."

THE LEGEND OF THE SPRING BEAUTY

An old man was sitting alone in his hut by the side of a frozen stream.

It was near the end of winter, and his fire was almost out. There was just a little spark among the white ashes.

He was very old. His hair was white, and he trembled in every joint.

He lived alone. Day after day passed, and he heard nothing but the North wind sweeping before it the new fallen snow.

One day, a handsome young man walked with a light step up the frozen path leading to the door.

His cheeks were red, his eyes were bright, and a smile played upon his lips.

He wore on his head a wreath of sweet grass. He carried a bunch of flowers in his hand.

The old man had been alone so long, that he was glad to have a visitor.

"Ah! my son," he said in his shrill old voice, "I am glad to see you. Come in, come in. Let us pass the night together."

He then took out a curious old pipe. He filled it with tobacco, and handed it to his guest.

That was his way of making him welcome.

After giving another touch to the fire, for he did not want it to go out, they sat down to talk.

Then the old man began to boast of what great things he had done in his days.

"I blow my breath, and the streams stand still," said he. "The waters become hard as stone."

"I breathe," said the young man, "and flowers spring up all over the plain."

"I shake my locks," said the old man, "and snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees at my bidding. The birds fly away, and all the other animals hide themselves in the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the young man, "and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth, like the eyes of children shining with delight. My voice brings back the birds. My warm breath unlocks the streams."

So the night passed. As the young man talked, the old man grew silent.

For a long time he had not spoken.

The young man, still smiling, dozed in his chair.

At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth came over the place.

The stream began to murmur by the door.

The sweet smell of growing grass and flowers came upon the breeze.

A robin and a bluebird settled on the roof of the hut and began to sing.

The young man opened his eyes. He looked upon the face of the old man, now cold and stiff in death.

As he looked the old man grew smaller and smaller, and, at last, melted away.

And where the fire had been was a small white flower with a pink border.

The young man touched it lightly with his fingers and went on his way.

CALLING THE VIOLET

DEAR little Violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!
All the birds call for you
Out of the sky:
May is here waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
  Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow-grass
  Under my feet.
Wrapped in your hood of green,
  Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door,
  So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks
  Close to your bed;
Softest of fleecy clouds
  Float overhead;
"Ready and waiting!"
  The slender reeds sigh
"Ready and waiting!"
  We sing — May and I.

Come, pretty Violet,
  Winter's away:
Come, for without you
  May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
  Wings fluttered and fly; —
Quick, little Violet,
  Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay
In your underground home?
Up in the pine boughs
For you the winds sigh,
Homesick to see you
Are we — May and I.

Ha! though you care not
For call or for shout,
Yon troops of sunbeams
Are winning you out;
Now all is beautiful
Under the sky;
May's here, — and violets!
Winter, good-bye.

— Lucy Larcom.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

MERCURY went on many errands for the gods. He became a great traveller, and visited every part of the earth.

Sometimes there was nothing to do. Sometimes he might just as well have stayed at home in Olympus. But even then he often made little trips of seven and eight thousand miles for the fun of it.

He thought no more of that than you would think of taking a ride on the trolly.

Many strange things happened on these occasions. But the story I am going to tell you now is, perhaps, the strangest of all.

This time Mercury begged his father to go with him.

Jupiter agreed to go, as it was vacation time for him.

"But," said Jupiter, "let us dress ourselves like men. We will not let the people know that we are gods. I want to see how men act when they think the gods are not looking on."

That very day, toward the close of the after-

noon, two poor travellers came to a little village in Greece.

They must have walked a long distance, for they were grimy with the dust of the road. One was tall and grave and stern. The other was young, and his eyes were bright and twinkling with fun.

They knocked at the door of one house after another. They asked for something to eat, and a place to sleep.

But, because they were poor and could not pay, they were driven away.

For the people in this place were not good to the poor.

If they had known that the tired-looking travellers were rich men or powerful gods, they would have gladly welcomed them.

Some of them even set their dogs on the tramps, as they thought them. Many of the wicked boys threw stones at them.

After a while they came to a poor little cottage. Here lived an old man named Philemon, and his wife Baucis.

Here they were taken in by this tender-hearted old couple.

Philemon talked to them. He told them

how sorry he was that they had been so badly treated by the neighbors. Meanwhile the good old woman laid the table for supper.

She spread the cloth. She put on the table some brown bread and cheese, and a little honey. For each one, there was a bunch of grapes.

From the spring in which it had been put to cool she brought some milk in a brown earthen pitcher, and filled their bowls.

Then they sat down to the meal.

The young man drank his milk in one draught. He held out his bowl for more.

Poor old Baucis, very much ashamed, said she was afraid there was no more.

"But look and see," said the young man, "perhaps it is not so bad as you think."

The old woman lifted the pitcher. There it was, full of delicious milk. It was much richer than that which her poor cow gave. In this strange way it was filled again and again.

And, as the guests ate, the purple grapes seemed to swell and grow luscious. The stale end of the loaf, which was all that old Baucis could give them, grew into a white loaf just fresh from the oven!

The old people were frightened at this strange thing, but kept silent.

After the travellers had finished their supper, Baucis lighted a candle. She led the way to her own little room where they were to sleep.

She and her husband lay down on the floor and talked in whispers of their strange guests.

In the morning the old people were up early, and the travellers, too, soon came down.

Philemon and Baucis begged them to stay a little longer. But they said that they had far to go, and must go at once.

So all four started out together. For the old man and his wife had the kind thought to walk a little way with their guests.

As they were mounting the hill which overlooked the town, the elder traveller spoke of the hard hearts of the people, who had driven him from their doors.

"They forget," said he, "that we are all brothers, and that we should all help each other."

As he spoke he frowned. At the same moment the sky darkened and distant thunder was heard.

The old woman was afraid of the coming storm. She looked back to see if she had closed the lattice window of her cottage.

But wonderful to tell! What do you think she saw?

The village was nowhere to be seen! The valley in which it lay was filled up with a great blue lake. All the houses and people were buried in its waters!

"Oh! the poor people!" cried Baucis.

"Do not pity them," said Jupiter, who now showed himself in his true shape to the two kind-hearted old people.

"They were hard and cruel to the poor, and to strangers. They did not deserve to live as men and women. Let them live as fishes in the cold waters of the lake."

"But you," he said to Philemon and Baucis, "you have shared all that you had with us. Now, ask me whatever you want, and I will grant it."

The old man and woman looked at one another. Then said, "Let us live together while we live. And let us die at the same moment, for we have always loved each other!"

"Be it so!" said Jupiter.

Then, pointing toward their cottage, he said, "There is your home."

What was their surprise to see, instead of their poor little cottage, a beautiful palace of white marble.

They turned to thank the gods, but neither Jupiter nor Mercury were there.

For many years the old folks lived in the palace, and made everybody happy who passed that way.

The brown pitcher was always full of milk when it was wanted.

One summer morning the old folks were not to be found. But there in front of the door of their palace were two beautiful trees. Their roots deep down in the ground, and their branches touching each other lovingly.

One was an oak tree and the other was a linden.

As the breeze rustled through their leaves they seemed to say: —

"I am Philemon." "I am Baucis."

In after years, many times a dusty, tired traveller was glad to sit under the shade of these beautiful trees.

THE OAK TREE

THE oak tree was an acorn once,
And fell upon the earth;
And sun and showers nourished it,
And gave the oak tree birth.
The little sprouting oak tree!
Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers had nourished it,
Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling oak tree!
Its root was like a thread,

Till the kindly earth had nourished it,
Then out it freely spread.
On this side and on that side,
It grappled with the ground,
And in the ancient, rifted rock
Its firmest footing found.

Then sing for the oak tree,
The monarch of the wood;
Sing for the oak tree,
That groweth green and good;
That groweth broad and branching
Within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and yet shall grow
When we are lowly laid.

—Mary Howitt.

STORY OF THE POPLAR

An old man once found the pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow.

He snatched it up and put it under his cloak.

Then he started home through the forest.

When the dry twigs and leaves crackled under his feet, he was frightened and looked behind him.

He was afraid that somebody was following him.

But no one saw him ; not even the trees.

They were all asleep.

At last he was so tired that he could carry it no farther.

So he hid it among the thick branches of the Poplar tree.

Then he hurried home, meaning to come back in the morning early and get it.

But very soon Iris found out that her treasure was gone.

"Somebody has stolen the pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow!" she cried aloud.

"Who has it? Who has it?"

Her cries wakened the trees.

"Not I," said the Maple.

"Not I," said the Oak.

"Nor I," said the Poplar.

And so answered the Chestnut and the Beech, and all the other trees.

Then Iris ran to Father Jupiter, and told him of her loss.

He looked out from Olympus, and called to the trees: —

"Hold up your arms!"

Up went all the branches, pointing to the sky.

But alas! when the Poplar held up its branches, down fell the pot of gold.

Now this noble tree felt very much ashamed, for it was an honest tree.

"Forgive me, Father Jupiter," it cried, "the thief must have hidden it here while I slept."

"After this, I shall forever hold up my arms, to show that nothing is hidden in them."

And true enough, there the Poplar stands ever since, as you see it in the picture.

You may laugh and blush and smile,
And perfume the air a while.
But, sweet things, you must be gone;
Fruit, you know, is coming on.

—Robert Herrick.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

CUPID was a pretty merry boy who could shoot an arrow as well as Apollo.

But his arrows did not kill.

He had two kinds: one was gold and sharp-pointed, and this made people love.

The other was of lead and blunt-pointed, and this made people hate.

Apollo saw the little fellow one day, playing with his bow and arrow.

"What are you doing with such weapons, saucy boy?" he said.

"Leave the bow and arrow to me, and play with your torch."

Cupid was a very hot-tempered little god. He talked back to Apollo, like the saucy little boy he was.

"I am greater than you," he said, "for you can shoot everything else with your arrow, but *I* can shoot *you* with mine."

Then he ran away. After that day he watched for a good shot at Apollo.

Now one day, Apollo was taking a walk on the bank of the river Peneus.

All at once there came in sight a beautiful nymph, named Daphne.

She was the daughter of the river, and lived in a cave under the cliffs.

Now the mischievous little Cupid was watching from the top of a hill.

He quickly took a golden arrow, and shot it into the heart of Apollo.

Then he shot a leaden arrow into the heart of Daphne.

Apollo raised his eyes and saw the pretty nymph, picking her way over the stones in the river.

Her little bare feet were as pink as sea-shells.

Her eyes were as bright as stars.

Her hair hung loose on her shoulders.

"Oh! pretty maid," said Apollo, "come and live with me in my palace in the sky."

Daphne ran away in fright, but Apollo followed her.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I shall not hurt you. I am Apollo, the son of the mighty Jupiter."

But Daphne ran faster and faster.

"Do not run so fast on these rough stones," called Apollo, "they will hurt your pretty feet."

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

But still she hurried on.

She was at last out of breath, and able to run no farther.

Apollo was just behind, and put out his hand to seize her.

"Father Peneus, save me! save me!" she called.

The river-god heard her, and all at once her feet were fastened into the soil, and became roots.

Her body was covered with the thin bark of a young tree.

Her arms became branches; and her beautiful hair became the leaves of the laurel tree.

Apollo was very sad at losing the beautiful nymph.

He gathered some of the leaves and made a wreath.

"You shall always be my tree," he said.

"I shall wear you for my crown.

"Your leaves shall be always green, and great heroes shall be crowned with them."

DANDELION FASHIONS

HERE and there, every where,
Where the sun is, where the shade is,
Fresh and sweet, on tilting feet,
Stand the dandelion ladies,
Gaudy-gay, in spring array,
Scores of dandelion ladies.

Green ruffs deck each slender neck,
Every head has perched upon it,
Saucy, jaunty, made to flaunt,
A little yellow satin bonnet.
What a place for a pretty face,
In a yellow satin bonnet.

This the style for a little while,
Then, despite the time or weather,
All unite on a bonnet white,
White and snowy as a feather,
Puffy, fleecy, moonshine breezy,
Thistle-fashioned crest of feather.

Here and there, every where,
Where the sun is, where the shade is,
Satin crown gives place to down,
Fickle dandelion ladies.
Blows the wind, and who can find
One of the dandelion ladies?

—Clara Doty Bates.

SUMMER STORIES AND SONGS

SUMMER

HOW SUMMER CAME UPON EARTH

THE Indians say that there was once a time when it was winter all the year round.

Cold north winds blew, and snow and hail fell every month.

There was no Spring, with its buds and tender young leaves. There was no Summer, with its long, warm, dreamy days. Nor had any man ever seen the bright red and yellow dress of the forests in Autumn.

There was a good spirit named Manitou, who was a fisher.

He called all the animals to meet and make a plan by which the earth could have some warm weather.

They thought that the best way would be to leap up and make a hole in the sky. So that they could get some of the heat and warmth of heaven.

The otter was the first to try. "That is not hard to do," he said, as he grinned. "I can easily jump as high as that."

But he soon changed his mind. For he fell headlong through the air down to the earth. He hurt himself so badly that he was hardly able to move.

Then the beaver, and the lynx, and the badger, each tried in turn.

At last a wolf took such a leap that he made a dent in the sky. Then he took another, and almost went through.

"Take me with you this time," said the fisher, "for I am sure we shall get in."

So, with the fisher on his back, he made a third leap. This time they made a great hole in the sky, and crept up on the inside.

Here they found a broad, smooth, shiny place, with here and there beautiful wigwams.

The people who lived in these wigwams were not at home.

But there were beautiful singing birds in cages, hanging at the door.

"These will delight my little boy," thought the fisher. He began to open the cages, one by one.

The birds took flight through the opening in the sky, and came down to the earth.

What do you think they were?

They were nothing less than Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

Now the people in the wigwams were not far away, and when they saw the birds flying out, they ran home.

They were just in time to make a grab for Summer bird as she was flying through the hole.

She got away, but they hurt her so that she has been sickly ever since.

Then they turned on the wolf and the fisher.

The wolf slipped through the hole, and got safely back to earth.

But the fisher ran north. He was closely followed by the angry people, who shot their arrows at him.

At last he was wounded. He stretched himself across the part of the sky where he was to die.

There he can still be seen on starry nights.

RED TOP AND TIMOTHY

Red Top and Timothy
Come here in the spring;
Light spears out of emerald
sheaths,
Everywhere they spring:
Harmless little soldiers,
On the fields they play;
Nodding plumes and crossing
blades,
All the livelong day.

Red Top and Timothy
Bring their music band,
Some with scarlet epaulets,
Strutting stiff and grand;
Some in sky-blue jackets,
Some in vests of pink,
Black and white their leader's coat,
Restless bobolink.

Red Top's airy feathers
Tremble to his notes,

In themselves an orchestra ;
Then a thousand throats
Set the woods a-laughing,
While the saucy thing,
Anywhere on spike or spear,
Sways himself to swing.

Timothy and Red Top
Will return again,
With familiar songs and flowers,
Through the April rain ;
Though their giant foeman
Will not let them be,
One who swings a keener scythe
Cuts down such as he.

—Lucy Larcom.

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